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THE PEDLAR.

BY

C. I. PITT.

(PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.)

THE PEDLAR.

A Miscellany, in Prose and Verse,

BY

C. I. PITT.

AUTHOR of the AGE a SATIRE, &c.

DEDICATED TO JOHN BULL.

Porter, del. Rothwell, sculp.

Published as the Act directs, Jan.ʸ 1796.

I've toys for the Young, and the Old;
As well for the grave as the gay:
I've a pipe, and I pipe like ——— but hold ———
I hope, Sirs, the piper you'll pay.

LONDON.

Printed for Harrison & Co.ˢ N.ᵒ 18, Paternoster Row.

Price Eighteen Pence.

Enter'd at Stationers Hall.

MDCCXCVI.

Jones & Wright Sculp.ˢ 39, Cow Lane, Smithfield.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE RENOWNED

SIR JOHN BULL.

GREAT SIR!

So fam'd for being able
To keep a *corporation table*;
To which—and gueſts, I trow, you've *ſatis*—
You welcome every comer *gratis*:
Where each, at pleaſure too, when done,
May pocket plate, knife, fork, and ſpoon;
And take the table-cloth between 'em,
Which you divide, from ſtrife to ſcreen 'em.
Indeed, 'tis ſaid, ſhould any aſk—
With you denial's ſuch a taſk—
Your coat or wig not long they'd lack,
Or e'en the ſhirt from off your back!
To you my ſervices I proffer,
And hope you'll not refuſe the offer:
Indeed, while you ſupport a warren
Of fools, and knaves, and cowards, *foreign*;
Who, though they ſwear by ev'ry church
To aid, ſtill leave you in the lurch;
And, could they paſs your guardian moat,
Would rob your houſe, and cut your throat;

You might juſt deign to notice——"Whom?"
A native—fool, perhaps—at home.
But juſt 'tis, ere I farther move,
My claim to patronage I prove.
A PEDLAR I—but, mark, no Jew—
Eve conſcience, and my wares are new;
And, though they mayn't as primely ſhew
As thoſe of CUMBERLAND and Co.
I warrant they'll as well go down,
As half that ſwarm this cozen'd town.
Beſides, Sir JOHN, a pipe I play;
And, if you chuſe to dance the hay,
Will ſoon ſtrike up a roundelay.
From this I look to profit well;
For every where the good folks tell,
Where'er you viſit, all ſo ſpruce,
If Hoſt a Ball ſhould introduce,
You are the man, by wine made riper,
To pay—and pretty well—the piper!

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

A PEDLAR I am, from PARNASSUS I came,
Like Grub Street, a place of perpetual fame;
But to Grub Street ten thouſand go ſtrutting, I ween,
For one who the ſacred Parnaſſus has ſeen.
Perhaps you'll conclude this to be my own caſe;
But I've brought, as my paſſport, a plan of the place*.
Though ſome folks ſuppoſe there's good reaſon to doubt
If the *real Parnaſſus* we yet have found out;
In ſpite of the airs of ſome high-mettled Bards,
Who fancy the Devil himſelf's in the cards,
And determine the place in Utopia outright,
If they have not diſcover'd it's genuine ſcite:
But let better Geographers ſettle for me,
Whether ancient and modern Parnaſſus agree.
From *modern*, I own, a poor Pedlar, came I;
Lo! my wares I'll expoſe—Lads and Laſſes, come, buy!
The contents of my box to run over might bore you;
So I'll ſpread them around for inſpection before you.

* See the Table of Contents for the Poem entitled PARNASSUS.

I may, ſurely, with reaſon, hope ſome taſtes to ſuit,
And I'll ſtrive with my pipe to amuſe you to boot.
I was taught, at the place whence I came, by a wight,
Whoſe names were ſo various, I ne'er knew the right;
They implied all degrees between Genius and Gooſe;
From Modeſty chaſte, to Impertinence looſe.
However, I took all the leſſons he gave,
As uſual, adapted to Gay and to Grave.
At Concerts I've join'd, without any miſhaps,
And Solos performed amid hiſſes and claps:
But you of my merits will preſently judge;
And, I'm certain, applauſe, if deſerv'd, will not grudge;
But, if failing to pleaſe, take my wiſh in good part,
And I ſtill ſhall retire with content at my heart.

THE

THE PEDLAR.

PARNASSUS.

PARNASSUS hight, there is—nor tell I tales—
A mountain, high as any in North Wales:
Where ſtanding, in climes foreign or our own,
Is known to Poets, and to them alone;
Nor will be other, while old Time ſhall pace on,
For ev'ry Poet is a ſworn Free-maſon.
On this high mountain the Nine Muſes dwell,
Twin ſiſters all, as goſſip Fame can tell.
Here are, beſides ten thouſand pretty things,
A magick Fountain, and a Horſe with Wings.
Whene'er the waters of this ſtream are quaff'd,
Knowledge is giv'n, proportion'd to the draught;
Who mounts this Horſe, o'er all the world may fly,
Soar to the ſtars, and all purſuit defy.
This mountain's top, in breadth ſome dozen miles,
Preſents a ſcene, where Nature ever ſmiles.
There barebon'd Winter never yet was ſeen;
The lawns and meadows wear unfading green:
Spring's milder ſun there always ſheds his beams;
Silken their verdure, chryſtal are their ſtreams.

Silks, ſatins, velvets, muſlins, and ſo forth,
Compoſe the flow'rs: the fruits boaſt greater worth;
Jewels are they, moſt exquiſite and rare,
And ivory boughs the precious burdens bear.
There birds of ſilver, and refulgent gold,
Enamell'd o'er, moſt beauteous to behold,
Sing on a model novel quite, nor plann'd ill,
As Arne's fine airs, or choruſſes from Handel!
Divineſt odours the rapt ſenſes greet,
Spice-crown'd Arabia breathes not half ſo ſweet:
None here want food, ſo Lent eternal keep;
Night comes not here, and no one wants to ſleep.
Thence Poets ſpring; and thence thoſe ſcenes they draw,
Thoſe *tiſſue* ſcenes, which no man ever ſaw:
Where Celia ſleeps upon the *downy* graſs;
And makes the *ſilv'ry* ſtream her dreſſing glaſs;
Where *amorous* ſunbeams paint her with the roſe,
And *love-ſick* Zephyrs fan her to repoſe!
Thence Poets ſpring; no wonder, then, their knowledge
Exceeds the myſteries of either college;
No wonder, then, the Poet, in his flight,
So often ſoars beyond all mortal ſight.
Thence are the flow'rs that form his boaſted wreath;
Thoſe *lawny* flow'rs, that wither with a breath;
Thence the rare fruits, with which his way is ſtrew'd,
Pleaſant for ſight, but worthleſs all for food!
And thence, though Poets ſing ſuch ſtrains divine,
Rarely their ſtrains procure them means to dine.
Ah! rarely Poets may refreſhment take,
And ſleep will ſtill the hungry ſoul forſake.
Ye ardent youths, who hourly ſigh for fame,
Ah! covet not the Bard's too envied name:
Few are his joys, unnumber'd are his woes;
And theſe ſubſtantial, but ideal thoſe.
His pleaſures few, and they but gay deceits;
He ſtarves, poor devil! amid fancied ſweets.

THE
WOOD NYMPH AND THE FAUN.
AN IDYL.
IN THE MANNER OF GESNER.

'TWAS a ſultry ſummer's day, when a Wood-Nymph, wearied with the chace, evaded her companions; and, withdrawing into a grove, lay down to ſleep, with her bow and quiver by her ſide. She had not lain long, before a young Faun came tripping by. "Ho! ho!" cried he, "what a charming Nymph is here! how inviting! and aſleep too! Now will I ſteal a ſweet kiſs. But, hold! I ſhall awake her. No, I'll hide her bow and quiver, and watch among the buſhes till ſhe wakes, and then—But, hiſt! I ſhall be diſcovered." So ſaying, he gathered them up, and hid himſelf among the buſhes.

The Nymph waked, and looked around her—"My bow and quiver are gone!" ſhe exclaimed: "never ſhall I get others like them. Alas! alas!" Then, hiding her face in her hands, ſhe wept.

The Faun ran to her. "Pretty Nymph, I have ſeen thy bow, and know where thy quiver is hid. Oh! 'tis the prettieſt quiver!"—"Give me my bow!" cried the Nymph, "and my pretty quiver, wicked Faun! you have ſtolen them away."

"Nay," ſaid the Faun, "don't be croſs, and I'll ſhew thee thy quiver and bow."

"Shew me them, quickly," replied the Nymph.

"Yes, but firſt," anſwered the Faun, "thou muſt go to my neat little grot; and——"

"I go to thy grot?" cried the beautiful maid.

"Why not?" returned the ivy-crowned chaunter of Bacchus. "Thou ſhalt drink from my pretty brown jug; and I'll lull thee to ſleep with my flute. No Faun can ſurpaſs me in ſong; and I'll ſing of thy beauty, ſweet Nymph! Thine eyes will I compare to the contents of my jug, whoſe ſparkling bewitches the ſoul; thy fanciful ringlets of hair, to the wantonly curling tendrils that play

play on the ſhining forehead of the youthful Bacchus; thy mouth—but to ſo lovely a mouth Apollo himſelf would barely do juſtice—"

"Ceaſe thy trifling," interrupted the frowning Nymph; "and reſtore to me what thou haſt ſtolen."

"Nay, angry fair," rejoined the Faun, "but firſt to my grot thou muſt go!" And he ſeized her round the waiſt.

She ſcreamed! and they were inſtantly ſurrounded by a troop of buſkined Nymphs; their long bows in their hands, and their ſilver quivers ſuſpended by golden cords at their backs. "Wretch!" cried they, with one voice; and inſtantly an arrow was fixed in every bow.

"Ah! muſt I die!" cried the Faun: "ſtay till I ſing my death-ſong, and I will tell of the bow and arrows I ſtole."

"Where are they?" eagerly interrupted the Nymph who had ſlept.

"Among the bruſhwood, behind the buſhes that ſkirt yonder green alley."

She flew, and returned with them in her hand.

"We will hear your death-ſong," ſaid the buſkined train; "but firſt we will bind you." Then, tying him to a tree, they aſſembled around, while thus the unfortunate Faun——

"Alas, thou muſt die, hapleſs Faun! Ah! Pity regards not thy youth! What grot was ſo pretty as mine? What Faun half ſo merry as I? At the door of my ſweet little grot, how oft have I played on my flute; while Echo, ſtill pleas'd, told the tale, and the Nymphs all came tripping to hear! Each peeped from behind ſome green buſh; but the Shepherds all flocked round my door, and led up a dance on the turf. When they were tired, I brought out my overflowing jug—"Come, drink, my lads!" I cried: they drank, and I filled it again and again.—But I muſt die! I ſhall fill my jug no more; no more ſhall I play on my flute; my ſweet, pretty grot I ſhall never ſee again! Bury me, O ye Fauns, in my grot, with my flute and my jug by my ſide; and plant a young vine o'er my grave!

"There

There many a ſwain ſhall, haply, ſtop and ſay—
" Here lies the Faun, ſo ſweetly wont to play;
Whoſe wine we quaff'd; but all thoſe joys are o'er,
His jug, his flute, and, ah!—himſelf's no more!"

" Alas! hapleſs Faun! thou muſt die! but why at thy deſtiny grieve? Thy brother Fauns will envy thee ſo ſweet a death. To die by thoſe fair hands; to be ſurrounded by ſuch graceful forms, and gazed on by ſuch bright eyes, makes death a bleſſing. Ceaſe to repine, fooliſh Faun! Ah! rather rejoice at thy fate—twine my brow, ye kind Fauns, when I'm dead, with tendrils cut freſh from the vine. Ah! bury me then in my grot, and roſes ſtrew over my grave.

There ſh ll each paſſing Sylvan turn to ſay—
" Here lies the Faun ſo ſweetly wont to play;
Echo, who lov'd his tuneful pipe ſo well,
His fate ſhall proudly thro the woodlands tell:
Sweet was his death; for, ah! by Nymphs he died,
The boaſt of beauty, and the foreſt's pride!"

He ceaſed!—when the Nymphs, partly moved to pity by his complaint, and partly flattered out of their reſentment, throwing down their arrows, unbound him; and nimbly away ran the Faun to his grot.

There, on that flute, the pride of hill and dale,
He told of rapture ſuch a thrilling tale,
That ev'ry Sylvan thought 'twas Pan who play'd,
And flock'd to meet him, joyous, thro' the glade;
While Echo, quite tranſported at the lay,
Retir'd, with murmurs, when he ceas'd to play.

INFANCY.

A SONNET.

O INFANCY! thou envy of the crowd!
For thou feel'ſt not the tauntings of the proud;
Exempted art from all the hopes and fears,
Whence lean Solicitude but ſmiles in tears.

Secure

Secure from all Temptation's magick ſnares;
Rapt in unconſciouſneſs, thou can'ſt not ſin:
While all around thee, groaning with their cares,
Deſpairing droop, thou ſmil'ſt—at peace within.

Yet I but pity thy imbecile reign;
Unconſcious life is but a dream of death:
Beſhrew the daſtard who can covet breath,
To wear his ſpirit in a paſſive chain!

Sprung from a God, with energy be mine
Of bounteous zeal to prove my ſource divine!

THE BOY AND THE BAKER.

A MODERN PINDARIC.

ONCE, when Monopoly had made
As bad as now the *eating trade*,
A Boy went to a Baker's ſhop,
His gnawing appetite to ſtop:
A loaf for *two-pence* there demanded,
And down a *tiny* loaf was handed.
The Boy ſurvey'd it round and round,
With many a ſhrug, and look profound:
At length—"Why, Maſter," ſaid the wight,
"This loaf is very, very *light!*"

The Baker, his complaint to parry,
Replied, with look moſt archly dry,
While quirk conceit *ſat* ſquinting on his eye—
"Light, Boy? then you've the *leſs to carry!*"

The Boy grinn'd plaudits to his joke,
And on the counter laid down rhino,
With mien, that plainly all but ſpoke--
"*With you I'll ſoon be even, I know.*"

Then

Then took his loaf, and went his way;
But ſoon the Baker bawl'd him back—
"You've laid down but *three half-pence*, Jack!
And *two-pence* was the loaf's amount.
How's this, you cheating raſcal, *hey?*"—
"Sir," ſays the Boy, "you've *leſs to count!*"

Thus modern wits againſt each other fight,
In point *deficient*, and in ſubſtance *light*;
But ſo *profuſe* and *pond'rous* are their ſtores,
To *count* or *carry*, ſtrength and patience bores!

THE
GOVERNMENT OF THE IMAGINATION.
AN ALLEGORY.

True to the Seed the proper Flow'ret blows;
Plant not the Poppy, and expect the Roſe.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, more eſſentially neceſſary to promote a regular courſe of virtue, though few things are leſs attended to, than a due œconomy of the Imagination. The mariner, who would reach the deſtined port, muſt pay ſtrict attention to the helm; which, once abandoned to the mercy of the waves, he muſt neceſſarily expect to be driven along by the impulſe of the ſtream, daſhed on the rocks, or foundered on the ſands.

As beings depending on the practice of virtue for happineſs, it is our duty to regulate our thoughts with the utmoſt circumſpection; ſuppreſſing all that may appear in the ſmalleſt degree inimical to purity, and confining the excurſive ſpeculations of fancy within the bounds of moderation. While we preſerve this neceſſary guard, our actions will rarely prove groſsly evil; for he who is timerous of thinking weakly, will ſeldom have the temerity to act viciouſly.

It is a forcible argument in favour of this temperament of the mind, that it proves an excellent preventive againſt many

many evils and diſappointments in life, the origin of which is more properly aſcribable to an irregular imagination than to any other cauſe whatever. The folly of indulging what is termed Caſtle-Building, has been inceſſantly expoſed: it is the hereditary diſeaſe of Hope, our inſeparable and flattering companion; and, having once taken root in our mental ſoil, is ſcarcely ever entirely eradicated. The only ſucceſs, therefore, that probability can enſure to thoſe who make it's reprobation their employ, is the practicability of regulating it's progreſs: and, perhaps, Reaſon will not admit of more; as, in a certain degree, when directed towards objects and ends that have innocence for their ſanction, it may not be totally reprehenſible; for the mind being a volatile ſpirit, inceſſantly employed, and the frailty of nature not allowing it to be always engaged in the contemplation of piety, or the reſearches of wiſdom; during the ſeaſons of it's inappetency towards ſerioufneſs, this entertainment will be found the beſt ſubſtitute, as poſſeſſing a capability of lifting it above grovelling views, and frequently inſpiring it with laudable deſires.

In the Golden Age, *Imagination*, the offspring of the gods, choſe her dwelling among men. She had been educated by *Wiſdom*; her companions were *Purity* and *Truth*; and her engaging manner ſo charmed all the world, that, next to the worſhip of the Supreme Power, ſhe was the chief object of adoration, and ruled implicitly over the earth. She poſſeſſed the faculty of tranſporting her followers wherever ſhe pleaſed, and exalting them to any ſituation: ſhe attended them through the ſpring bedecked meads of primitive friendſhip, and conducted them to the amaranthine bowers of cœleſtial love; but, in all her excurſions, her two companions were continually at her ſide. She frequently elevated men to the ſynod of Heaven; inſtructed them in new mediums of adoration towards their original ſource, and continually urged them to the practice of what ſhe taught. In ſhort, her whole time and power were employed in making men good and happy; and directing them to the moſt conſummate enjoyment of the exuberant bounties of an indulgent and watchful Providence.

When

When the Golden Age departed, and men became corrupt, ſhe ſtill continued among them, and endeavoured to allure them back to thoſe virtuous purſuits they had almoſt univerſally forſaken. Her efforts, however, proved generally inefficacious, through the intrigues of a Phantom, who now firſt made her appearance. She was the daughter of *Folly*; her inſtructor was *Error*; and ſhe, alſo, had obtained the name of *Imagination*: but I ſhall take the liberty to term her *Fancy*; an appellation which may convey a better idea of levity, her ruling diſpoſition.

The diſcourſes of Fancy were always recommended by ſome promiſed good; they abounded with artificial graces; were addreſſed ſolely to the paſſions; and, by an inſinuating charm of delicate flattery which imperceptibly ran through them, never failed making a permanent impreſſion on the minds and hearts of her deluded auditors.

By preſenting every thing in an improper light, ſhe ſo blended Virtue and Vice, that mankind were infatuated with the novelty of the ſyſtem; and, as they found themſelves capable of containing the *acmè* of excellence it required, without the mortification of reſtraint, were readily made converts to it's principles, and afterwards bigots to it's practice.

Fancy had ſeveral daughters, the children of *Indolence*, *Enthuſiaſm*, *Diſcontent*, *Sceptiſciſm*, and *Pride*. Theſe ſeduced men to bowers moſt inviting to the ſenſes, and lulled them into the profoundeſt ſecurity on the downy lap of enfeebling pleaſures; led them through woods and wilds, over lawns and meads, to ſhades and grots, by purling rills, and muſical caſcades; where the free, great, and daring hand of Romance, had habited Nature in the gariſh veſtments of art, and expoſed her to the caprice of Folly, and the pity of Reaſon; where ſhepherds, ſighing to the wanton breeze, piped off with amorous lays the uſeleſs hour, or irritated time with puerile complaints; where peerleſs princeſſes rode forth in all the pride of virtue, and tyranny of beauty, amid ranks of adoring knights, whom Folly taught the roundelay of love, each ſcarcely deigning to notice her devoted ſlave, till he had deſtroyed one of the horrifick monſters borne by *Credulity* to *Impoſition*; and made all other knights tremble at his name; when ſallied forth the harneſſed chief, in mad defiance of

all the collected ſtorms of angry heaven, at war with eaſe, infatuated by chimæras, and braving deſtruction, for the mighty recompence of ſmiles: conveyed them where, with undulating dance, the graceful Naiades tripped over floors of gold; or where, majeſtick, in their coral groves, the Neriedes dreſſed their treſſes with the pearl; where plaſtick Nature, in her rich receſs, compoſed the ductile ore, and beauteous gem; traced too her every plan, and taught the wondrous ſcience of her law.

But the effect, through the devices of their conductors, was ſtill either an inſatiable deſire after what the eye had contemplated, or an imperious inflation on account of the ſtores the mind had injudiciouſly heaped together; thus all the gifts beſtowed, or proſpects preſented, by *Fancy* and her offspring, proved every way pernicious, and totally diverted men from the few principles of virtue remaining among them.

Imagination had alſo attended her votaries through nearly the ſame routine of enjoyments; but, while ſhe exhibited their charms, diveſted them of the power to uſurp the government of Reaſon, by the aſſiſtance of *Truth*, *Purity*, *Gratitude*, and *Benevolence*; which laſt had joined her at the departure of the Golden Age. Her opponents, in the mean time, were aided by *Error*, *Incontinence*, *Sophiſtry*, and *Self-Love*. Unfortunately, however, ſhe diſcovered that the allurements of her enemies had drawn moſt of her followers away: therefore, after reiterated offers of her advice and benefits, which were uniformly diſregarded; and, having wearied herſelf ineffectually for their advantage, hurt by their neglect, and ſcandalized by their perverſeneſs, ſhe retired, at length, to the Temple of *Wiſdom*, in the regions of *Virtue*; determined to be converſed with only through the deſire of *Truth*, the ſanction of *Purity*, and the recommendation of *Benevolence*.

COLIN;

COLIN; OR, HOPELESS LOVE.

AN ECLOGUE.

THE freſh'ning dew yet whiten'd o'er the blade,
Nor long the nightbird his retreat had made;
Oft wont, ere dawn, to tread the ſilent green,
With wayward ſtep, and with dejected mien,
His flock before him reſtleſs Colin drove,
And, deeply ſighing, ſung of hopeleſs love—
"Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
When love firſt led my heedleſs heart aſtray!

Ere that ſad hour, how blithely time danc'd by!
My mind unclouded, and my ſpirits high!
Whiſtling I went, as forth my flock I led,
Tun'd my ſoft pipe, or caroll'd as they fed;
And, when at eve I'd penn'd them in the fold,
Sought the gay green, where, mingling, young and old
Strike up the dance, and healthful ſports purſue,
Till warn'd of parting by the thick'ning dew:
Then home I hied me; and, my heart at eaſe,
Light flew my ſlumbers as the ſummer breeze—
Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
When love firſt led my heedleſs heart aſtray!

Now, when by grief tir'd out, my eyes I cloſe,
My active mind ſtill robs me of repoſe:
Cold Anna's form officious dreams diſplay;
Again I woo, again ſhe turns away!
"Ah, ſtay!" I cry—ſhe triumphs in my grief:
Anguiſh awakes me—but, to no relief;
For though unreal the ſad ſcene I find,
True is the woe, and rooted in my mind.
Thus ſleep I dread, but only wake to weep,
Exclaim at Fate, and chide the hours that creep;
Of reſt impatient, ere the ling'ring dawn,
Flee my loath'd bed, and ſeek the vacant lawn;
While my flock's plaintive bleat, and dog's ſhrill bark,
Wind o'er the hills, and wake the early lark.
Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
When love firſt led my heedleſs heart aſtray!

Fair were my flocks, bear witneſs every ſwain,
At once the pride, and envy, of the plain;
No more the envy of the plain they move—
Ill fare the flock whoſe ſhepherd pines with love!
Snow white, and ſmooth, their fleeces once appear'd;
Now torn by brambles, and with ooze beſmear'd;
For half the day, of them regardleſs, I,
Wrapt in deluſive thought, ſupinely lie;
At random, then, they wander as they pleaſe,
While prowling robbers many a victim ſeize;
And, ere three months have ſeen my ſoul thus croſs'd,
Three fruitleſs ewes, and nine young lambs, I've loſt.
Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
When love firſt led my heedleſs heart aſtray!

Of all the paſſions which the mind e'er nurs'd,
Love moſt deludes us, and torments the worſt:
But ſhall a face my ev'ry bliſs deſtroy?
Muſt I be wretched, becauſe Anna's coy?
As lovely nymphs, and far more kind, remain;
Then why, for her, thus waſte my ſoul in vain?
Enough, diſdainful beauty! have I borne
Of cold caprice, and agonizing ſcorn;
I'll bear no more!——Ah! oft that vow I make,
One glance from thee that boaſtful vow can break!
Ye ſwains, by love yet unſubdu'd, beware;
Nor madly trifle with the gilded ſnare:
If caught, no art your freedom can reſtore,
For ev'ry ſtruggle but enthrals you more!
All other ills ſome peaceful reſpite find,
But hopeleſs love for ever racks the mind!
Ah, woe is me! ill-fated was the day
When love firſt led my heedleſs heart aſtray!"

ALL IS VANITY.

A TALE.

"ALL is vanity!" exclaimed a venerable man, whoſe cheeks were furrowed more by grief than age, as he reclined againſt a tombſtone, in the church-yard of one

one of our principal bathing towns. The ſituation was intereſting! The church on a hill; the night hazy; though the moon reflected ſufficient light to give him a general view of the proſpect around; the ſea, at a diſtance, on his right-hand, neither tempeſtuous nor calm, waſhed the beach with it's waves. He had long liſtened to it's murmuring, his eye fixed ſtedfaſtly on the ſculptured memento of mortality which ſupported him; there was a congeniality between it's diſordered ſtate, and that of his own boſom, which forcibly ſtruck him; and, amid the reflections it occaſioned, ſurveying firſt the town before him, and then the race ground on his left-hand—where, ſo recently, he had witneſſed the exertions of Induſtry in the one, and the extravagances of Faſhion at the other—his eye inſenſibly reverting to the tombſtone, he inſtinctively expreſſed himſelf—"All is vanity!"

The night rather clearing, induced him to walk farther; he croſſed the ſpot where the encampment had been. War, and it's inſeparable horrors—the death of the brave, the diſtraction of the widow, the helpleſſneſs of the orphan, the deſolation of towns, and the deſtruction of empires—afforded him ample ſcope for rumination; till, unconſcious of his way, he entered another church-yard, about a mile from that he had left. The church was ancient; and, though ſervice was regularly performed there, in ruins. Alas! to what purpoſes may not the moſt eſtimable things be degraded! one part of the ſacred building had been converted into a farriery for the camp; but, ere this, the ſons of Labour had abandoned it. All was ſilent! It was a ſcene to be contemplated only with horror; except by thoſe whom Religion had fortified againſt ſuperſtitious prejudice, or Inquietude alienated from habits of chearfulneſs. The walls of the church-yard were low, mouldering, and in many places ſurmounted by the weeds that grew up againſt them; the graves, unornamented by the tablets of ſepultural information, were only to be diſcriminated by the verdant hillocks which the humble ſexton had elevated with decent pride.

He looked around him, with a ſort of gloomy ſerenity, for ſome time; when an object lying on one of the graves attracted his earneſt notice. He approached it, and ſtarted, on removing a coarſe but clean covering, at beholding

a child about four years of age fast asleep. In an instant, his sight was arrested by an emaciated female, whose wild looks sufficiently indicated the disorder of her mind; and who, springing from behind the church, ran swiftly to him, and dropping on her knees, in a piercing tone of voice, cried—"O, don't take him from me!" Then, overcome by agitation, immediately fainted. The voice was not unknown to him: stooping to assist her, the moon suddenly shining with unusual lustre on her face—"Good God!" exclaimed he, "my daughter!"

At this instant, a poor man and woman, attracted by the cries of the child, who had awakened in a fright, came up. "Here she is!" cried the man; and the woman snatched the child up into her arms.

"What know ye of this young woman?" eagerly enquired the almost petrified father.

"She lived with us," replied the man, "about three months: her husband, who was a soldier, died of a fever in camp, and lies buried in that grave; his death turned her brain, and she often used to say—"*She would put her child to bed with his father.*" Here the unhappy lunatick sighed; opened her eyes; and, fixing them stedfastly on her supporter, in a moment of recollection, screamed—"My father! pray, pray, forgive me!" Then, uttering a few incoherent words, she again died away—to revive no more!

He knelt over her for some minutes, in a state of stupefaction, which was succeeded by violent transports of grief; the extreme of which subsiding, he thus, in a broken voice, addressed the honest pair, who stood motionless with astonishment—"Well may you wonder at the spectacle before you! In me you behold the most wretched of parents; and, in her, an only child, destroyed by my barbarity. My life has been a general scene of misfortunes; but this girl was always a comfort in the midst of affliction. About five years ago, she contracted an intimacy with a young man, of whom I had received a most *depraved*, but I have since learned *unjust*, character; and, in contradiction to mine and her mother's express commands, was privately married to him. When she came to ask my blessing, in a paroxysm of grief, rage, and disappointment,

appointment, I ſhut my door in her face, and have never ſince ſeen or heard of her, till this awful moment!"—Here he was interrupted by a flood of tears.

He continued—"Where ſhe went to, God only knows. Her mother broke her heart within a year after; and I have ever ſince wandered about, a ſtriking example of parental brutality; reſerved by Providence to witneſs the dreadful effect of my injuſtice, and pay the laſt ſorrowful tribute to it's innocent victim." His voice was here loſt in ſobs.

The good couple ſympathized with him; while their moiſtened cheeks evinced the ſincerity of their hearts. The miſerable ſire preſſed the child to his boſom—"Heaven, my little innocent," ſaid he, "has deprived thee of thy mother: I will endeavour to ſupply the loſs; and, by my attention to thee, expiate my cruelty to her."

The huſband then beckoned his wife; and, raiſing the corpſe in their arms, they retired from the grave, with a melancholy pace. The repentant mourner followed, weeping over his grandſon; and now and then interrupting the awful ſilence, by emphatically exclaiming—"Vanity! vanity! all is vanity!"

THOUGHTS

ON THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF GENIUS.

THE diſcouragement of Genius has long been the hackneyed topick of general remark; to the detriment of Literature, the reproach of Reaſon, and the ſcandal of Humanity; as it ſeems peculiarly hard and unaccountable, that thoſe who contribute chiefly to the means of delight and improvement to mankind, ſhould find their labours alone productive of the frowns of Ingratitude: and there is little doubt to be entertained, but that the imperious dogmas of contracted Prejudice have deterred many whom the early emanations of ſtrong natural endowments have palpably diſtinguiſhed as eligible candidates for the laurels

laurels of immortal Fame, from aſſerting their pretenſions; and induced them to conceal their talents in a napkin, through the exaggerated predictions of an injudicious prudence, and the inglorious apprehenſions of a puerile deſpair. In juſtice to ſociety at large, and for the benefit of thoſe individually concerned, it were, perhaps, highly neceſſary to enquire into the merits of an obſervation, ſo univerſally propagated, and implicitly believed: and though the attempt of invalidating any general opinion, authorized by long eſtabliſhment, and the corroboration of apparently incontrovertible evidence, may carry with it a ſtrong preſumption of effrontery and conceit; yet, when reaſon gives the ſmalleſt ſanction to the ſurmize of doubt, it is both folly and injuſtice to depreſs the ſpirit of candid enquiry, through a ſuperſtitious veneration for the features of antiquity, or a ſervile acquieſcence in the tyranny of cuſtom.

The idea of the *diſcouragement of genius* ariſes principally, I imagine, from the remarkable indigence of authors in general; which, on examination, I am inclined to believe, will be found, for the moſt part, to originate in cauſes perfectly remote. On tracing the biography of literature, we ſhall diſcover many examples of men of the firſt repute continually ſtruggling with diſtreſs, and frequently dying in extreme indigence; yet we ſhall likewiſe find, that the maiority of thoſe very men were univerſally careſſed while living, and their memories, after death, immortalized by the honourable teſtimonies of an enthuſiaſtick fame. It remains, then, to enquire into the cauſe of thoſe difficulties; and they will not, perhaps, turn out ſo hard to be otherwiſe accounted for, as we might at firſt imagine.

A delicate ſenſibility, a jealous independence of ſpirit, and an active liberality of ſentiment, are the almoſt unexceptionable concomitants of an enlightened mind; and a ſtrongly marked excentricity of character, is generally the deciſive criterion of an uncommon genius. From theſe ſtamina, together with that total inattention to indiſpenſible œconomy, conſpicuous in the annals of ſome; and that egregious credulity equally ſo in thoſe of others; may, I conceive, be deduced the complicated miſcarriages which have ſo often involved the fortunes of many, whoſe pages, ſuperior to criticiſm, have long defied the inſidious encroachments

encroachments of Time; inſenſibly ſecure our approbation, command our feelings, and improve our affections.

The chords of a heart, attuned to the ſublimeſt ſympathies, will naturally vibrate to the ſlighteſt touch of ſorrow; and there are never wanting objects of commiſeration to operate on ſuch. Thus, through the bias of extreme ſuſceptibility, ſo great an influence is obtained, as to render an act of relief neceſſary, in order to obviate the poignancy of the impreſſion. Hence many are ſeduced into the inconſiderate meaſure of beſtowing that which their own exigencies abſolutely require, before reflection repreſents to them the nature of the action, as to propriety, whether of the reaſon on the one hand, or charity on the other. Nevertheleſs, in ſpite of the various pecuniary ſtraits accruing from this or any other cauſe, the man poſſeſſed of a delicate and capacious mind, ſenſible of his intellectual ſuperiority; aſhamed to give the ignorant and inſolent occaſion to triumph, by a confeſſion of his weakneſs; and diſdaining to ſubject himſelf to the apprehenſion of ſtudied neglect or contumelious reproach, through the conſciouſneſs of obligation, will rather ſubmit to the eſurine power of accumulating embarraſſment, than betray his folly, by an appearance of decreaſing fortune; till, hourly beſet by the grating importunities of clamorous creditors, and want ſtaring him in the face, he either flies to hide his diſgrace in ſome obſcure corner, a melancholy prey to diſguſt and famine; or oppreſſed to an extreme by the idea of his inability to diſcharge the claims of juſtice, and retrieve his honour, incapable either of reſiſtance or flight, gives way to deſpondency, and ſinks under the overwhelming ruin!

Men of ſtrong genius, principally, if not generally, have ſtrong paſſions; and hence, too, the gratification of the predominant affection frequently abſorbs the mind ſo much, that every thing is ſacrificed to it; eſpecially where the enthuſiaſm of the imagination is not tempered by the active energy of Virtue: whence ariſes the glaring occaſion of neglect towards themſelves, and of ſcandal againſt literature from the multitude; who, taught to look up to them as teachers, and of courſe ſtandards of rectitude, on diſcovering they are equally weak with themſelves, muſt naturally turn away diſguſted, and treat with contempt

tempt the means whereby they propoſe the attainment of that excellence, which their own examples ſeem to convey a ſtrong preſumption can exiſt alone in idea.

In ſupport of the foregoing obſervations, many indubitable teſtimonies might be produced; but, to enter into ſo thorough an inveſtigation, would too far exceed the contracted limits of a ſummary eſſay: yet it will not, perhaps, be deemed ſuperfluous, in adverting to a deplorable circumſtance yet freſh in the minds of many, and which has ſerved greatly to promote the acknowledgment of the object of our preſent animadverſion; I mean, the untimely fate of that uncommon inſtance of promiſing genius, and ſelf-devoted victim, *Chatterton!* In contemplating, however, this extraordinary character, and the circumſtances of his caſe—though, with regard to the former, we ſhall find much to pity, ſtill we ſhall diſcover ſomething to condemn; and, in relation to the latter, there will, I am perſuaded, appear ſufficient cauſe for the exculpation of ſociety at large from the ſtrong imputations of unjuſt neglect, and barbarous deſertion. It may be recollected, that Chatterton was ſo little known, that when Fame firſt introduced his name and elogium to the world, ſhe faultered during the recital, to heave a ſigh to his memory, and drop a tear over his end! Nor was it likely he ſhould be otherwiſe: born in obſcurity; far from the metropolis, the nurſery of genius; and connected only with a few individuals, who wanted either the ability to diſcern his merit, or to foſter it by the influence of patronage; he had ſcarcely any other proſpect, at his outſet, in the language of the elegantly pathetick Gray, than—

"To waſte *his* ſweetneſs in the deſart air!"

Nor was that proſpect improved when he entered London; a mere boy, without friends, money, or recommendation; with a volume of poems, *profeſſedly* not his own, and compoſed in a dialect too obſolete for generaly conception. Theſe poems were retailed to the world through the channel of a common Magazine, and under the fictitious ſignature of the Prieſt Rowley; who was advertiſed as living at ſo great a period as three centuries back: and the venders of them, converſant, probably, only with the *traffick* of literature, conceiving they were what he repreſented

ſented them, and uncertain what reception they would experience from their readers, might think a trifling reward ſufficient for the communication of a ſpeculative adventure; while the publick read them with a tacit approbation of their merit, but little concerned about an author whom they ſuppoſed had long been relieved from the effect of human ſolicitudes. But as the ſun, though fogs obſcure it's riſing, ſoon diſſipates every intervening ſhade; ſo the brilliant emanations of ſterling genius rarely ſubmit long to concealment. The poems of Rowley, at length, attracted the earneſt attention of the diſcerning; and an enquiry after the author was the natural conſequence: the annals of ancient literature, however, could afford no ſatisfactory information; and a minute critique evinced that the pretended manuſcript of ages was of modern date. Curioſity was now impatient for the knowledge of the real fabricator of ſo wonderful a performance; and conjecture reaſonably imputed the charge to the affected editor, Chatterton: the ſuſpicion was confirmed; ſearch was made for him, in order to reward ſuch merit as it deſerved; and that ſearch was interrupted by the confounding intelligence that he was—no more! Never, perhaps, was there a mind more actuated by the rigid ſpirit of independence, than that of this Parnaſſian prodigy; hence it was he choſe, rather than confeſs his embarraſſment, to ruminate in the chamber of want, over the gloomy proſpects of miſery, till diſguſt and horror, ſupplanting reaſon, precipitated him into the gulph of ſuicide; at an age when many of the moſt eminent examples of brilliant talents have diſcloſed little more than the mere dawning of excellence, and in the moment when Fame was preparing to tranſport him to the temple of Munificence!

Such are the principle features of an event, which will long be juſtly a ſubject of the ſincereſt regret; but which, I preſume, can never reaſonably juſtify the imputation thence incurred by ſociety. Yet, let it not be inferred from this exculpatory effort, that I would ſeek to add to the ſeverity of Chatterton's fate, by ungenerous reflections on his memory—No! I diſclaim an act, the bare idea of which excites in my mind the moſt acute ſenſations of indignant horror. I have, for a moment, removed the veil which Charity had drawn over his deſpair; but, ſurely,

humanity

humanity itſelf will juſtify a deed prompted by neceſſity, for the advancement of univerſal equity.

Another ſource whence we imbibe the prejudice in queſtion, is the rejection of the many who, either inflated by conceit, or miſled by enthuſiaſm, without the attributes of genius, lay claim to it's rewards. True genius is not more valuable than rare; and, in moſt inſtances, poſſeſſes a diffidence that frequently retards it's progreſs in no ſmall degree, by interpreting the ſlights of ignorance into the tacit condemnation of delicacy; and from the fate of corrected temerity, appropriating to itſelf fears equally groundleſs and humiliating: thence it's bold flights are repreſſed, it's energy relaxes, and it's ſublime effuſions, rarely inſpired by hope, are frequently allowed to evaporate unknown.

But he who ſuffers his mind to be thus affected, ſhould recollect, that all extremes are equally reprehenſible; that every natural edifice can only by regular gradations be brought to perfection; that temporal avocations are always liable to delay; and that, in every ſtate ſhort of abſolute certainty, ſucceſs will not always be proportionate to the endeavour, and rarely to the hope. From patient perſeverence much is to be expected, and from timid irreſolution every thing is to be feared: to effect enterprizes evidently beyond our ſtrength, is abſurd; but to fail, merely through the want of exertion, is inglorious. Any thing, to be publickly protected, muſt neceſſarily be firſt publickly known; thence the efforts of genius muſt be aſſiſted by thoſe of induſtry, and the hope of approbation by the means to deſerve it: and though the power of intereſt, the bias of popularity, the caprice of faſhion, or the impulſe of momentary infatuation, may awhile ſupport the flimſy productions of falſe merit; like the vagrant feather floating on the breeze, or the tamely-tinted flower forced into being though the unnatural medium of a hot-houſe, they ſhall ſoon return to their primitive nothingneſs; as, of their emblems, the one falls again to the ground when the breeze ſubſides; and the other withers away, before the curioſity that raiſed it is compleatly gratified; while the ſtrong emanations of genius, like the towering column, and the ſpreading oak, the gradual performances of nature and ſcience, will ſtand conſpicuous objects

jects of admiration and benefit to the world, when many ſeaſons ſhall have revolved, and many generations have paſſed away.

The belief of this accuſation is alſo ſtrengthened by the too ſanguine expectation of many poſſeſſed of genius, as to the returns both of emolument and honour: but, perhaps, this is only the caſe with thoſe gifted with only a partial diſtribution of this ineſtimable quality; who, like birds newly fledged, can attempt no flight of conſequence, without having continual recourſe to intervening objects of ſupport, in order to recruit their ſtrength. But ſuch ſhould reflect, that the laws of juſtice require no more than "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" in conſequence, if they are capable of preſenting but a trifling portion of original matter, it were unreaſonable to expect a large reverſion, either of praiſe or profit: and, relative to the latter, authors, doubtleſs, as well as the reſt of mankind, form their eſtimate, more on the lucre of ſuperfluous gratifications, than reaſonable neceſſity; but they would do well to conſider, that the harmony of the eſtabliſhments of Nature depends on an invariable exactitude of conſtitutional œconomy; the ſpirit of which pervades every branch of ſociety; hence the general calculations of diſtribution, rejecting the accumulated claims of chimerical ſpeculation; will, of neceſſity be proportioned only to the equitable exigencies of temperance.

I have thus, as far as brevity permits, endeavoured, I hope not in vain, by pointing out the fallacy of a remark which I conceive highly detrimental, to divert it's pernicious influence: for, as the moſt inconſiderable talents are given with a reference to univerſal benefit, and as ſo much is to be expected from thoſe calculated to improve both the mind and the heart; it is, of courſe, incumbent on the poſſeſſors of them to devote as much time as reaſon will allow in directing them to that end. It is, in the mean time, the duty and intereſt of all, indiſcriminately, to oppoſe, ſo far as they are able, every obſtruction that preſents itſelf; and, perhaps, it were not unneceſſary to conclude, with recommending the children of Genius to reſcue their hopes from the pangs of diſappointment, by placing little dependence, for ſubſtantial emolument, on the fruits of their lucubrations, till the thorough inveſtigation of

Candour, and the indubitable teſtimony of Time, ſhall have decided on the legality of their pretenſions; nor ever to expect, that a poſſeſſion of the moſt brilliant talents can juſtify flagitious irregularity; or that ſociety is obligated, on any pretence whatever, to relieve the endleſs deficiences of premeditated extravagance, or to comply with the inordinate demands of unprincipled deſire; as alſo that he who toils merely for the indulgence of unwarrantable paſſions, defeats, in the end, his own views: for, as by every new indulgence they obtain freſh influence over him, debilitating his underſtanding, they renders him proportionately leſs capable to provide for it's wants; while he, whoſe deſires are moderate, finds his ability increaſed by his temperance, and ſecures to himſelf a flattering proſpect of pleaſure and independence.

WAR AND PEACE.

A VISION.

BRITANNIA's ſorrows, and the curſe of War,
What time faint Toil ſupinely turns from Care,
Involv'd my ſenſes, and my ſoul oppreſs'd,
Till brooding thought deceiv'd me into reſt.
No more the downy couch I liſtleſs preſs;
Night's ſhades retire, and Nature ſhifts her dreſs:
I tread the greenſward, and my wond'ring eyes
Behold, ſublime, prophetick ſcenes ariſe!
And, O! would Genius but my ſoul inſpire
Such ſcenes to picture with a BURNEY's fire;
Enraptur'd Taſte would ev'ry line regard,
And wond'ring Fame immortalize the Bard!
Near, on my right, a pleaſing Cottage ſtood,
The door inveſted by a cackling brood;
There the briſk ſwarm the ſocial compact made,
There ſparrows neſtled, and there lambkins play'd:
All well within, the ſmoaking chimney ſhew'd;
Without, the ground with full-ear'd ſheaves was ſtrew'd.
Far, to the left, huge moated walls appear'd,
Above their heads unwieldy turrets rear'd;
Thence, thund'ring peals, and cries of horror came,
And from all ſides burſt out th' involving flame;

The

The ruin'd ramparts to the baſe gave way,
And all behind in deſolation lay;
Shed, ſtore, and palace, found one general doom,
And form'd, for thouſands, one o'erwhelming tomb!
Lo! on a ſudden, from the reeking pile,
WAR'S GENIUS roſe, and view'd it with a ſmile;
Then, as if ſome new harveſt he beheld,
Down from the height his brazen car impell'd.
Now, from the cot, as near the chariot drove,
A Female came, whoſe look commanded love;
She ſaw the Power, and trembled at his courſe,
And tried by art to mitigate his force:
In ſweeteſt accents - "Stop, great Chief!" ſhe cried,
"And lay thy banners for awhile aſide.
Hard are the toils the Hero undergoes,
And well he earns the moment of repoſe;
That moment waits thee—here let gen'rous cheer
Confirm thy might, and bleſs thy bold career."
He heard, and ſtopp'd; for Beauty's power prevails,
When prayers miſcarry, and when int'reſt fails.
"What brilliant Goddeſs thus my ſtay invites,
And kindly tempts from labour with delights?"—
"Alas! no Goddeſs bids thy labours ceaſe;
CONTENT'S my mother, and my name is PEACE.
But tho' an humble female aſks thy ſtay,
Ah! turn not, WAR, indignantly away;
My cot but meanly may to thee appear,
Yet know each Pleaſure loves to ſolace here:
Hale Hoſpitality the feaſt provides,
Free Plenty caters, and gay Mirth preſides.
Then, Chief, alight; nor fear Reproach ſhall ſay—
"See, how with Sloth he waſtes th' inglorious day!"
Pleaſure diſdains the Coward and the Slave;
And came from Heav'n, to recompence the Brave."
The ſoften'd Genius, riſing from his ſeat,
Threw down his pond'rous gauntlet at her feet—
"Thy gentle challenge I accept," he cried;
And ſtepp'd down ſtately from the chariot's ſide;
Then loos'd his mail, the ample caſque unbound,
And caſt his harneſs thund'ring to the ground—
"To-night, ſweet maid! thy proffer'd joys I ſhare"—
"Nor with the morn depart," rejoins the fair.

" Why ſo impatient for th' exhauſting fray,
When heaps of laurels ſtrew thy glorious way?
What wouldſt thou more? Enough thou haſt ſubdu'd;
The Brave, for juſtice, ſeek the field, not blood!
Wealth wouldſt thou ſeek? He makes this cot his home;
If Freedom, farther 'twere in vain to roam;
If Honour, here too Honour ſhalt thou find;
Mercy is here, and Honour's ſtill behind.
Thy ſteeds unbind then, and thy toils diſown,
Nor hence depart till many a day has flown!
Surely the maid her earneſt pray'r ſhall gain,
Whom greateſt Kings have woo'd, and woo'd in vain;
Whom none e'er ſlighted, but the Gods decreed
A tenfold vengeance on the impious deed."
She ſaid; in rapt attention as he ſtood,
His eye confeſs'd his ſpirit half ſubdu'd.
With gentleſt violence, from his yielding hand,
She took the flaming, but inverted, brand,
And daſh'd it out——the charm of Vengeance broke;
His fierceneſs vaniſh'd, and he mildly ſpoke—
" To thee, lov'd maid, I all my ſoul reſign:
I bow, thy ſlave; be all thy wiſhes mine!
No ſcene but this has longer charms for me;
For Pleaſure dwells, and only dwells, with thee.
" BRITAIN!——I cried. The accents died away:
That inſtant, lo! ſtretch'd on the couch I lay.
But, with returning force, the words proceed—
" BRITAIN! be thine, the bleſt, propitious meed!"

INVOCATION

TO THE SPIRIT OF CHATTERTON.

SPIRIT of Raſhneſs! whoſe immortal name
Strikes on the ear with charmful force of woe,
Whoſe Spartan mind diſdain'd complaint as ſhame,
On whom no hope could kindly balm beſtow!

Ah!

Ah! deem me guiltleſs of the wiſh to hold,
To rude reflection, and unhallow'd gaze,
The awful memory of the dead, enroll'd
Victims of will, ere Fate's award of days!

If to enquire ſhall not to thee appear
The officious workings of an unbleſs'd zeal;
Where'er thou art, my Invocation hear,
And, if permitted, what I aſk reveal!

O, ſay—whoſe genius, like the ſummer ſun,
From which at dawn unheeded bleſſings flow,
Burſt nobly forth, ere manhood's dawn begun,
To ſhine unnotic'd, and unfelt to glow—

Say, with deſpair, from night ſtol'n grave yawn'd up,
What horrid hag, with peſtilential breath,
Combin'd to drug thee ſuch a damning cup,
And harrow Nature with thy tale of death?

Was it or ſquallid Want, who, loath'd by all,
Like treaſon-tainted rogue, or plague-ſtruck loon,
Skulks by the lonely tomb, or mould'ring wall,
Mouthing her witcheries to the blinking moon?

Or Calumny, from whoſe dread, ſubtle, ſpell,
Nor moated tower, nor holy ſhrine defend:
Who blights the proſpect where the happy dwell,
Confounds the noble, and the poor man's friend?

Or empty Arrogance, from Riches ſprung,
Who all ſave that uncleanly Mammon ſcorns;
Treads down the ſuppliant, mocks the falt'ring tongue,
And plants the pallet of the wretch with thorns?

Say, did not Love too deeply pierce thine heart?
Haply, Caprice might barb the ſhaft he drew:
Didſt thou not ſtrive to wrench away the dart;
And, in the ſtruggle, wrench thine heart-ſtrings too?

Was't bold Integrity, untaught to cow'r,
And bow the knee before the lords of pride;
Who urg'd thee on, diſdainful of their pow'r,
Beyond their reach to take ſo large a ſtride?

Ah, kindly ſay; for, lo! the haſty throng
Have ſtain'd thy tomb with Pride's ungracious name?
Inform the Muſe, and let her happy ſong
Declare the tidings, and retrieve thy fame.

Once more! nor longer will I mar thy reſt;
Once more—I faulter as the words proceed—
Say, may I hail thee partner of the bleſt,
Or periſh all who ſelf-devoted bleed?—

A hollow accent ſmote my wondring ear;
With dread I liſten'd, trembling I relate.
"O, thou, permitted from the dead to hear,
Preſumptuous, pry not in the will of Fate.

"Why Death I ſought, for thee no good contains;
Go, thou, and wiſely profit by my ſhame:
Tho' all of obloquy my mem'ry ſtains,
Beyond the grave none hear the voice of fame.

"Whate'er my meed, Omnipotence is juſt;
In ev'ry ill be reſignation thine:
Great is his mercy; yet, O ſon of duſt!
Tempt not his vengeance, by a deed like mine!"

AFFECTATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

AFTER retiring from a very diſagreeable inſtance of that diſguſting abſurdity, AFFECTATION, I fell into a profound reverie on it's nature and origin; revolving in my mind various methods which I thought might be efficaciouſly practiſed in reforming many of it's abettors, whom I divided into two claſſes; viz. the *moderate*, or ſuch as were but ſlightly diſordered, of courſe eaſily reclaimed; and the *hopeful*, or ſuch as were far gone, but whoſe recovery was practicable from the ſenſe of ſhame not being entirely baniſhed.

While indulging myſelf with theſe ſpeculations, I inſenſibly arrived at a large plain, in the midſt of which ſtood

ſtood a temple ſo brilliantly magnificent, that for ſome time I could not ſupport the ſight without embarraſſment: an immenſe number of people, of all ages and deſcriptions, were flocking to it, with whom I mingled; when a grave perſonage, who called himſelf *Diſcernment*, informed me, that it was the *Temple of Excellence*, and that the multitude were repairing thither to pay their homage to the celeſtial power.

On our arrival at the gate, we were met by a beautiful female, habited in a plain veſt: her countenance was remarkably ſerene; and her demeanor, with the property of commanding, united ſuch engaging graces as prepoſſeſſed every one in her favour. *Reaſon*—for that was her name—preſented a mirror to every one's face as they approached, in order to examine the ſincerity of their profeſſions, and diſcover the real nature of their inclinations; when ſuch as were confuſed by the efflux of light that proceeded from it, were deemed not ſufficiently pure, and conſequently were refuſed admittance.

I was expreſſing my apprehenſions for the fate of thoſe unfortunate numbers; when a nymph, whoſe eyes inceſſantly rolled about, and were prying into every thing, invited me to follow and obſerve them. Her ſolicitations were ſeconded by another, of a moſt alluring form and manner: ſo that, fearing no danger from two ſuch apparently inoffenſive creatures, I conſented to accompany them, contrary to the entreaties of my firſt companion; who, however, at parting, gave me a magnifying-glaſs of extrordinary virtue, through which ſhe deſired me to view the ſeveral objects I ſhould meet with.

My fair guides conducted me down a deep deſcent on the left-ſide of the temple; and I obſerved, that the captivating power of her who accoſted me laſt, inſtigated ſeveral of thoſe who had already entered, and from whence they beheld her through an opening on that ſide of the building, to forſake it and follow her.

At the bottom of the hill we entered a labyrinth, ſo artfully contrived, that we could not find our way out. While exerting ourſelves to that purpoſe, we were addreſſed by another female of very gaudy appearance; who informed us that the maze was her's, and offered her ſervices in extricating us. We readily acceded to her propoſal; and

and ſhe led us into a large garden, laid out in a ſtrangely inconſiſtent manner.

I now, for the firſt time, applied to my glaſs; and diſcovered that our guide, though to the naked eye ſhe appeared an extraordinary beauty, ſquinted immoderately, and was in every reſpect extremely deformed. I obſerved, too, that ſhe voraciouſly devoured what the reſt thought delicious fruits; but which, to me, ſeemed poiſonous weeds. By theſe circumſtances, I concluded her to be *Falſe Taſte*. She was continually diſtributing her noxious viands among the company, encouraging them to follow her example: but, apprehending ſome baneful conſequences from them, I dropped my ſhare ſecretly to the ground; and thereby eſcaped an unaccountable ſpecies of madneſs, or intoxication, which ſeized al thoſe who had eaten, and impelled them into numberleſs extravagances, the more or leſs licentious, in proportion to the quantity each had conſumed. I now ſurveyed my two companions through my optical informer; the firſt of whom, I found, was *Curioſity*; and the other, who appeared a dangerous, yet beautiful ſerpent, *Seduction*. I immediately turned from her with horror; but could not rid myſelf of *Curioſity*, who ſeemed determined not to leave me.

I obſerved, that during the intervals of the exceſſes which I have noticed as the effects of the poiſonous herbs, an extreme deſpondency and ſolicitude were viſible in every countenance; which I imagined to be occaſioned by a general wiſh of returning to the *Temple of Excellence*, as *Falſe Taſte*, having tried in vain totally to divert it, offered to conduct them there. They joyfully conſented, and again approached the labyrinth: but, inſtead of returning by the way we entered, I found ſhe purſued a different direction; till, at length, we emerged into a plain, in appearance like the former, and in the midſt of it ſtood a temple which, to every eye but mine, ſeemed that they hoped to arrive at. It's external ſplendor, however, was derived from numerous ſmall mirrors, which were diverſified all over it, and ſo placed as to reflect on each other; and which, at the ſun's riſing, produced at firſt an intolerable glare, but loſt that effect as we approached nearer.

Entering

Entering with the reſt, I beheld a female enthroned, amidſt a captivating appearance of grandeur and magnificence; but the throne was covered only with gilt paper, and foils of various colours, artfully diſpoſed. The dreſs of the perſonage it ſupported was of the ſame complexion, a compound of tinſel and falſe jewels: her face was painted to an extreme; and her hair diſpoſed in ringlets, intermixed with artificial flowers and pearls, a wreath of which ſerved her for a tiara. In ſhort, every thing was unnatural; from which circumſtance, and the ſtudied demeanor of it's miſtreſs, I became convinced it was the reſidence of AFFECTATION. All her attendants wore the garbs and appearance of thoſe belonging to *Excellence*; but I could plainly perceive in each the real character. It was *Sophiſtry* who preſented, at the door, what was thought the mirror of *Reaſon*; the libidinous leer of *Hypocriſy*, betrayed itſelf from under the arrogated veil of extreme *Sanctity*; the ſelf-applauding ſmile of *Oſtentation*, appeared in the pretended benevolency of aſpect peculiar to *Generoſity*; and the conſequential air of pedantick *Dulneſs*, was conſpicuous in the apparent reſerve of *Wiſdom*: in a word, the leading features of every deſirable qualification were adopted by the oppoſite deteſtable ones.

The whole aſſembly were now preparing to pay their adoration to the falſe deity, when a violent blaſt from a trumpet aſſailed our ears; the greateſt conſternation took place; the queen and her eſtabliſhment trembled; and, with the temple, in a few moments diſappeared; leaving the deluded votaries expoſed on the plain, which now preſented a miſerably barren appearance.

I ſoon learned, that the cauſe of this circumſtance announced the arrival of *Reaſon* and *Truth*; who were diſpatched from the *Temple of Excellence*, to retrieve every one who ſhould be found to poſſeſs the ſmalleſt veneration for that exalted being: they were attended by a numerous train, two or three of whom I ſhall deſcribe, having occaſion to mention them hereafter. The firſt was a groteſque figure, like a ſatyr, called *Ridicule*: he had a whip, with which he ſcourged all given to his charge, till they were delivered by *Shame*, a female with a long veil; from whom they were ſeized by *Conviction*, who darted a ſting into the breaſt, occaſioning the ſufferers a moſt acute pain, which

which was relieved by a ſedate matron, called *Repentance*; and the objects of her care were conducted to *Clemency*, the moſt beautiful female I ever beheld, whoſe province it was to introduce them to *Excellence*.

A herald now ſummoned the multitude before the throne of *Reaſon* and *Truth*. *Reaſon* preſented another mirror to each, individually, in which all were to behold themſelves; and were they appeared with the countenances of ſuch different ſpecies of the brute creation as the diſpoſition in each might moſt reſemble.

Some, on thus beholding themſelves, bluſhed wonderfully, and were perfectly abaſhed: theſe, I concluded, were *moderates*. They were delivered to *Shame*, firſt; and, in due courſe, to *Clemency*. Others, whom I found were *hopefuls*, ſeemed ſcarcely at all affected: but, as the ſmalleſt bluſh entitled them to pardon, they were firſt given to *Ridicule*; and, in the proper routine, to *Clemency*. Some of theſe, however, ſurveyed their altered countenances a conſiderable time, before the fainteſt glow could be perceived on their cheeks: theſe were conſigned over to a ſupercilious being, called *Contempt*; who, clapping a fool's cap and bells on their heads, drove them about, through the laughter and deriſions of the whole company, till *Shame* thought proper to take cognizance of them.

There were, however, a great number of *incurables*; conſiſting of thoſe who were allured from the temple by *Seduction*: theſe had devoured ſo many of the weeds given them by *Falſe Taſte*, and were grown ſo extremely groſs, as to be enamoured of their beaſtly appearance in the mirror. *Truth* immediately touched them with her wand; and they were, in conſequence, metamorphoſed into the various creatures who repreſented them: thus, falſe *Lovers* took the forms of *goats* and *hyænas*; falſe *Heroes*, *hares*; falſe *Orators*, *aſſes*, dinning the whole place with their brayings; and *falſe Criticks*, *owls*, diſturbing ſociety with their ſenſeleſs hootings in the dark, yet utterly incapable of bearing the ſmalleſt degree of refulgence. Thoſe who affected *diſintereſtedneſs* and *independence*, were turned into *ſpaniels*; *religious Hypocrites*, into *wolves*; falſe *Patriots*, into *crocodiles*; and falſe *Wits*, into *monkies*: till the plain preſented a ſcence at once horrid, ludricous, and deplorable.

At

At length, it came to my turn; but the figure I cut in the mirror, from having ſinned with open eyes, confounded me ſo much, that I ſwooned away, and the viſion vaniſhed!

FANATICISM AND INFIDELITY;

OR,

THE PSEUDO-REFORMERS.

FANATICISM and INFIDELITY—this bred at court, and that in a cloiſter—ſet out together on a no leſs charitable expedition than to reform the world: the one thinking that mankind defrauded themſelves of happineſs, by a ridiculous attachment to unreaſonable ſcrupuloſity; and the other, that they endangered their ſalvation by a too familiar compact with licentiouſneſs.

Their manner of travelling was as oppoſite as their characters. FANATICISM, bareſooted, and with ſcarcely a coat to his back; truſting to charity for ſupport, trudged heavily on; groaning all the way, and offering up expiatory ejaculations to Heaven: while INFIDELITY, ſupplied with a good round ſum, and mounted on an eaſy pad, that his companion might the better keep pace with him, amuſed himſelf with a brandy bottle, or ſinging licentious ballads; and, whenever they ſtopped to dine, the zealot made ſo long a grace, that, before he ſat down to his cruſt and water, his rival had diſmiſſed the deſſert, and began his bottle.

On their arrival at any town, they immediately repaired to the market, or ſome other conſpicuous place; and each mounting on ſome elevated ſpot, at proper diſtances, began their harangues; while the mob flocked tumultuouſly around, gaping with the moſt anxious curioſity. The text of FANATICISM was from Saint Paul—"*Now the end of theſe things is death!*" That of INFIDELITY, from Anacreon—"*Laugh and grow fat!*" The diſcourſe of the firſt abounded ſo much with the moſt rigorous injunctions

tions to the obſervance of ſelf-denial, abſtinence, and mortification, that it was reliſhed only by ſuch of his auditors as diſappointment had rendered ſplenetick; impotence chaſte; age imbecile; or diſeaſe abſtemious: and he thundered away ſo tremendouſly, with hell, damnation, and the unpardonable ſin, that the greater part were terrified almoſt out of their wits; thinking—ignorant of it's nature—that they had undoubtedly committed the latter, and were conſequently, without hope of redemption, conſigned to the former. Concluding, therefore, all attempts at repentance in vain, they went over to the oppoſition; or, in other words, joined the congregation of INFIDELITY; who told them, that his fellow-traveller was a poor unhappy lunatick diſcarded from Bedlam, as incurable; which aſſertion the very doctrine he held forth would ſufficiently corroborate. He maintained that all reſtraint was unnatural, and that what was unnatural muſt neceſſarily be unjuſt; that the preſent we were certain of, but the future we knew nothing about; "that a bird in the hand was worth two in the buſh;" and, conſequently, that wiſdom directed us to the enjoyment of that which was in our power. He concluded with inviting them to the next tavern; where they ſtupified themſelves with drinking, "*Succeſs to the New Light*;" and, as their paſtor generally ſlipped ſlily away, after picking their pockets, they were moſtly, for the lack of reckoning, placed in the ſtocks, or other "durance vile," huzzaing for the freedom of Nature!

During the intervals between their ſtated ſeaſons of preaching, FANATICISM would either ſit, literally, in ſackcloth and aſhes; or walk to and fro in the town, reprehending the ſmalleſt appearance of merriment: while INFIDELITY drank, gamed, wenched, and committed numberleſs exceſſes; all of which he reconciled, on the principles of *Nature* and *Reaſon*; the former, he obſerved, having given us appetites, the latter required them to be gratified. He ſeduced his friend's wife, and diſpatched the huſband in a duel for queſtioning his honour. At length, being apprehended for a highway robbery, he defended himſelf with the old argument, the *Laws of Nature and Reaſon*: as by thoſe, he contended, we were all on a ſtate of equality; ſo, by theſe, the neceſſities of one

one ſhould be ſupplied from the ſuperfluities of another; and, when a rich man would not voluntarily do juſtice, force was allowable to compel him. It was argued in reply, that he was tried neither by the law of Nature, nor of Reaſon, but by the law of the land. This obſervation, however, was violently reprobated, as it ſeemed to imply, that the law of the land was neither natural nor reaſonable. A large labyrinth of controverſy now enſued; which ſerved only to convince the hearers, that much might be ſaid to little purpoſe; that a multiplicity of illuſtrations have often the property of confounding the more; and that law is like nothing elſe but itſelf. It being, nevertheleſs, finally determined, on the principles of univerſal equity, that if property was left unprotected from the depredations of the idle and profligate, induſtry would be diſcouraged, confidence deſtroyed, and ſociety aboliſhed; the perpetrator of deeds calculated ſo eſſentially to injure the ſocial compact ſhould conſequently be extirpated for the benefit of the community at large; INFIDELITY was condemned to an ignominous death, as a warning to others: a ſentence which he only anticipated, by ſhooting himſelf in priſon. Nor was the end of his companion, though more pitiable, leſs dreadful; he was found hanging in his chamber, a miſerable martyr to that unwarrantable deſpondency which he had always practiſed as well as taught.

Thus our two pſeudo-reformers terminated their labours; leaving the world, ſo far as their influence extended, much worſe than they found it.

Happily, however, they were ſucceeded by a divine Female, whoſe principles differed from both; and who convinced mankind, by their reſpective fates, how little their doctrines were to be relied on for the attainment of ſubſtantial felicity. This Female was cheerful without levity, and ſerious without being ſad. She tolerated every innocent enjoyment, and forbade nothing but exceſs. She proved, from Nature and Reaſon, that all things had their origin in a Supreme Being, who was, conſequently, entitled to their homage; that he was to be conſidered as a wiſe and affectionate Father, who exacted not the ſervice of a ſlave, but the duty of a child; more ready to pardon than to puniſh; who, at once ſtrictly benevolent and juſt,

never corrected, but for ſalutary purpoſes; and, equally averſe to auſterity and licentiouſneſs, preferred the ſweet incenſe of mercy to the pedantick pageantry of ſacrifice.

The dignity of her mien, and divinity of her precepts, ſoon attracted the ſerious attention of the multitude. A few, who had actually been in the daily habits of converſing with her, proclaimed her to be RELIGION; of whom all had heard, and moſt of them, though ſtrangers to her perſon, affected to venerate and follow. Her preſence, however, produced a great revolution in the manners of men: the votaries of INFIDELITY grew aſhamed of their exceſſes, and thoſe of FANATICISM were happy in an opportunity of emancipating themſelves from the tyranny of ſuperſtition. Numbers daily flocked to her for conſolation; ſhe received them with benevolence, and introduced them to VIRTUE, the prieſteſs of HAPPINESS; who conducted them to the temple of that Power, under whoſe influence every human being is ſo ardently ſolicitous to live.

HOPE.

A SONNET A-LA-MODE.

SWEET ſympathizer of the ſick'ning ſoul!
HOPE! heav'nly harbinger of halcyon health!
Fair ey'd inflator! critical controul!
Implicit idol of or woe or wealth!

Eſſence of all the entity divine
Of buoyant emprize! Impulſe ſweet, remote,
Of pious breathing! in thy beams benign,
The more than many wavy phantoms float!

Effulgent radiance! my ſuſceptive ſight,
With more than rapt ſolicitude of zeal,
Purſues the ſweepy circuit of thy light,
Till not one nerve it's tranſport can conceal;

Till all thy rays concentrate in my breaſt,
In all the exquiſite annoy of reſt!

THE

THE MILITARY MENDICANT;

OR, BENEVOLENCE REPAID.

——"I Wiſh thee ſucceſs," ſaid a clergyman, putting ſomething into an old ſoldier's hand—"Adieu!"—"Heaven return it thee!" exclaimed the ſoldier, with a look that ſpoke more to the heart than all the expreſſions of gratitude that ever were uttered. His wife curtſied. "God bleſs you both!" ſaid the good divine, and rode on. The veteran fixed his eyes on him in ſilence, till he turned out of ſight. "What is it?" enquired the ſoldier's wife. "A guinea!" replied the ſoldier, wrapping it up carefully in a paper, and putting it into a greaſy vellum pocket-book, the repoſitory of his humble treaſures. It had been his companion in all adventures, from childhood—and a faithful one. He eſteemed it as a friend; and, unlike modern friends, it kept every ſecret with which it was entruſted inviolate. It contained—the pride of his heart—a memorial, in his own handwriting, of all the battles he had fought, and the wounds he had received; up to that day on which the ruthleſs ball tore away the very arm which had ſo often wielded the inſtruments of vengeance againſt the enemies of his country from his ſcarred body. Here the heroick narrative was deficient; but the remaining ſtump vouched for him—how much more impreſſively! Through this misfortune he obtained his diſcharge; that, too, was preſerved, a companion to his memorial; to which was affixed, ſigned by all his officers, a teſtimony of his *honourable* conduct. It was the conſciouſneſs of having merited this that transfuſed a gleam of happineſs over all his deſpondencies: over theſe faithful memorials he frequently ſhed a tear, which ſweetened the hour of diſtreſs, and beſtowed a conſolation only to be imbibed by minds attuned to the delicate harmony of Senſibility at the refined touch of Virtue.

Grant, Almighty Diſpoſer of events! that *my* heart may ever be awake to the ſtill voice of honour; that the ſeaſon of calamity may not be rendered more irkſome by the inquietudes of conſcience!

"A guinea!" ſaid the ſoldier. "A guinea! God bleſs him for it!" uttered his wife. "Amen!" rejoined the ſoldier. Would to Heaven that ſo hearty an *Amen* cloſed the prayers of the whole world!

"There are *ſome* good people left in the world," obſerved his wife. "Heaven forbid there ſhould not!" anſwered the huſband—and on they jogged, till an humble houſe of entertainment preſented to them a welcome ſight. They approached it joyfully; and turned in, to ſatisfy their moderate wants, and reſt their wearied limbs.

The weather was cold; but they placed themſelves, modeſtly, at a diſtance from the fire, though it was not quite taken up. A piper lad kindly offered his ſeat; the veteran thankfully declined it; but was drawing nearer, when the landlord entered, and muttered ſomething about *vagrants* and *paſſes*.

The ſoldier heard, but noticed it not: he knew the power of money, and accompanied his enquiry for refreſhment, with a wiſh to have change for a guinea. The word *guinea* operated as a magick charm: a clean cloth was inſtantly ſpread; a ſteak put on the fire; and the landlord inſiſted that the chimney-corner ſhould be reſigned for his military gueſt, who begged no one might be diſturbed for him. The landlord was poſitive; forced both him and his wife on to the bench; ſwore every one ought to have a proper reſpect for the *King's cloth*; drank both *that* and his *Majeſty*, out of a brimmer which was juſt brought for the ſoldier; and aſſured the company, that he had once carried arms himſelf; but, having an opportunity to ſettle, he thought it beſt to ſleep in a whole ſkin, and ſo *bought* his diſcharge.

This was all juſt—for any thing the company knew to the contrary: certain it was, that he had been a private in a marching regiment; but, reſpecting the manner in which he left it, he had made a little miſtake—perhaps, his memory was bad—perhaps, he wiſhed to keep his own ſecret—or, perhaps, had told this ſtory ſo often, that he himſelf began to be perſuaded of it's verity. Reader, he was *drummed* out! "For what?" aſkeſt thou. Peace, untoward ſpirit of Curioſity! ſeek not to bring to light the miſdeeds of thy brother, which Time has kindly left in

in oblivion!—Alas! I am guiltier than thyſelf. I ſet thee an example. How frail is man! how vain his reaſoning!

The two travellers began their little repaſt. The landlord joined them. The ſoldier ſmiled him a chearful welcome. The mug was twice filled; and the table ſoon cleared. They all gathered cloſe around the fire; and the ſoldier related the adventure of the clergyman and the *guinea*.

The landlord "*dare ſaid*," beſide that guinea, the parſon had not above another in the world. "Gemmen," for they were all ſtrangers, "it is the curate of our pariſh, and a more *worthier* ſoul never lived! He has a wife and four children; and has but fifty pound a year to maintain them, though the rectorſhip is worth five times as much. But the old rector died yeſterday; and ſo the curate came here to hire one of my horſes—I keeps two, gemmen—to go to the Squire's to beg for the living; and he has all the pariſh's good words and prayers with him."—"Heaven grant he may ſucceed!" emphatically interrupted the ſoldier. "So ſays I!" rejoined the hoſt; accompanying the hearty affirmation with as hearty a tug at the ſoldier's ale—"But, nevertheleſs, gemmen, I fears as how he wo'n't; for his honour the Squire, though they ſays ſomething as how the eſtate i'n't rightfully his—but I wouldn't have it known I ſpoke of it—I ſcorns to meddle with other folks affairs—beſides, he might take away my licence, and times are hard—but Mr. Martin, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, knows all about it. And ſo, as I was a ſaying, gemmen, the Squire has often's the time been heard to ſay that he would ſell the *parſontation*; and I am ſure Dr. Kind can't buy it: for, as I ſaid, he is but poor—and that was the reaſon that I wouldn't take any thing of him for the lent of my horſe—and he had the beſt too—though he does n't buy two noggins of ale of me in a month. But then, to be ſure, he is parſon of the pariſh, and does n't get drunk. Here's his health, gemmen!' ſeizing a pot that ſtood next him, and calling his wife to repleniſh the ſoldier's, which was empty.

When the ale was drawn, the ſoldier produced his guinea for change. Scorum, and his rib, having both rummaged their pockets for the amount, found they were

ſeven ſhillings deficient. "What the devil haſt done with all thy ſilver?" cried Scorum. "Why, my dear," replied ſhe, meekly, "didn't I give it to Dr. Kind out of the half-guinea for the hire of the horſe?" This rather confuſed our *diſintereſted* hoſt: but, not being eaſily put out of countenance, and thinking ſilence beſt, he took no other notice of the circumſtance, than to bid her go and get change; winking to her very ſignificantly, at the ſame time. The company had ſat for ſome time, enjoying themſelves in ſilence, here and there interrupted by atrite obſervation, when the piper offered to play them a tune. A dance was accordingly propoſed: but objected to, at firſt, by mine hoſt, who obſerved, "as how it ſpoiled good company." However, finding it neceſſary to conform to the humour of his cuſtomers, he determined to loſe nothing by the temporary ſuſpenſion from drinking; and, having emptied the only mug that had liquor in it, ordered his wife—who now returned with "She couldn't get change, though ſhe had been at a dozen places!"—to fill all again, and ſtood up with the reſt. The piper began; and at it they went, if not with ſkill, at leaſt with glee.

How fragile is the tenure of joy! The piper had ſcarcely thrice repeated his ſtrain, when in came the landlady, and informed her ſpouſe, that Mr Martin was come for his horſe, which they had lent the Doctor in the morning. She was followed by the gentleman. *Scorum* was again confuſed; and ſtammered out, that as how it had wanted ſhoeing, and ſo he had ſent it to town. But Mr. Martin, who had overheard all the wife had ſaid, taxed the delinquent with his guilt. He now begged ten thouſand pardons; and while the owner aſſured him, that had he lent it to any one elſe, he would never have excuſed him, the divine entered. The landlord ſwore for joy, and ran out to receive the horſe; and the Doctor Mr. Martin ſhook hands, and were retiring into the parlour, when the former eſpied the objects of his benevolence; and, apologizing to his friend, requeſted their company alſo. Thinking it their duty not to refuſe, they modeſtly obeyed; and, a chearful bowl being inſtantly filled, they all ſat down to enjoy it.

The

The ſoldier was agitated concerning the ſucceſs of his benefactor: it was not buſy ſolicitude, but the anxiety of gratitude. The Doctor was ſilent on the ſubject; and the ſoldier, perſuaded of his ſucceſs by the uniform chearfulneſs of his manners, ſet his own heart at reſt.

Diſtreſs generally excites *curioſity*—ſeldom any thing farther. The appearance of the veteran excited that of Martin: but he was a humane man; and it was a laudable motive that induced him to hint, in a delicate manner, a deſire of being acquainted with his hiſtory. The ſoldier readily gratified him.

His name, he ſaid, was Roach; his father bore arms. He was born at Carrickfergus, in Ireland; and, when but two years old, his father being ordered abroad, his mother took him with her to follow the fortunes of her huſband. At fourteen, he loſt his mother; and, at ſixteen, his father. He fought by his ſide; ſaw him fall; and had the pleaſure of revenging him on the man who ſlew him. His life had been literally a continual warfare—but he had been raiſed only to a halbert.

Mr. Martin expreſſed ſurprize—merit is ever modeſt. "I deſerved no more," was the reply. He proceeded—

He had been thrice impriſoned in France, once in Spain, and once in Holland. "But I truſted in God!" ſaid the hero. "And he delivered thee," returned the divine.——During an interval between the two laſt impriſonments he had ſuffered, for the ſecond time ſince he was two years of age, he ſaw England He then married; and his wife had been his conſtant companion in all his ſucceeding troubles. At fifty, he loſt his arm in the lamentable war that ſeparated England and America: at Bunker's Hill he received the fatal ſhot; and, with the united teſtimony of all his officers concerning his fidelity and bravery, was ſent to finiſh his days in the mother country. He applied for the penſion. Merit is not always ſucceſsful: he was modeſt; and had not a friend at court. He applied in vain!

His wife had a relation in Wales, a creditable, though not a rich, farmer: to him they went, and lived with him, labouring for their maintenance, four years. He then died; and, being ignorant of any other relations, left them his all. They were induſtrious, they were frugal: but

but proſperity is not always the reward of induſtry, and the frugal are ſometimes ſparing in vain. The hand of Providence ſeemed againſt them; but the ways of Heaven are inſcrutable! Their cattle died; their crops failed! Their all was nearly gone; when the honeſt pair called their creditors together, and ſurrendered to them the little that remained; and, taking an affectionate farewel of their neighbours, who all pitied, but were too poor materially to aſſiſt them, ſet off for London, to ſue once more for the penſion; fearing, at the ſame time, that they had deferred the application too long.

They had travelled four days chearfully; when they loſt the purſe which held the pittance they had to ſupport them on their journey! But they were reſigned: they had begged through the fifth; and, on the ſixth, they were met by the charitable curate. Here the narrator repeated his thanks; and the clergyman inſiſted they were not due, having done nothing more than his duty.

Mr. Martin, apologizing, enquired of the ſoldier where his father fell? "At Dettingen!" He had no relation living? None, that he knew of. Had he once a brother, chriſtened Leonard, after his father; who, when he went abroad, was left with an aunt at Carrickfergus, and was then five years old. He addreſſed to him an account of his father's fate; but did not himſelf ſee Ireland till ſix years afterwards. He then heard that his aunt was dead; but, from all the enquiries he could make, had never been able to learn what became of his brother, or whether he received the letter concerning his father. "He did!" interrupted Martin. The clergyman, the ſoldier, and his wife, all fixed their eyes on him. "Heavens! is he alive?" eagerly exclaimed the ſerjeant. "No!" deeply ſighed Mr. Martin. "He was my intimate friend. About ſix months after the receipt of your letter, he quitted Ireland; and, in the ſervice of a foreign merchant, thrice travelled over the continent of Europe. His fidelity and zeal ſo attached him to his employer, who now ſettled in England, that he entertained him no longer as a ſervant, but made him his companion and confident; and, dying about eight years ſince, bequeathed him an eſtate in this county, amounting to eight hundred per annum, together with the preſentation of the pariſh living."

Here

Here the clergyman ſeemed rather diſcompoſed. The ſoldier obſerved it. Mr. Martin went on—

"About this time, I became acquainted with your brother. He imparted to me every circumſtance of his life. I aſſiſted him in perpetual enquiries after you, but in vain; and accidentally diſcovering a couſin of your aunt's, out of gratitude to her, at his death, about four years ſince, excepting a legacy of two hundred pounds a year to me, he made him his ſole heir: with a proviſo, that if ever you could be found, the whole eſtate was to be your own, on condition of your allowing him two hundred pounds per annum. Nothing, then, remains, Sir, but to make the requiſite proofs before the proper perſons, which we will do without delay. Indeed, the ſtrong reſemblance you bear to your brother, is teſtimony enough for me; but there are others to be ſatisfied."

"Praiſed be Heaven!" exclaimed the good Doctor. The ſoldier's wife was tranſported—ſhe wept for joy.

The ſoldier bore his good fortune with admirable ſerenity. "I ſhould have received more pleaſure from this news," ſaid he, "had not my couſin foreſtalled me in the wiſh of my heart, and prevented me from expreſſing my gratitude to that generous gentleman, in a proper manner, by giving him the living."—"*Give* you the living, Dr. Kind?" exclaimed Mr. Martin. "He had bargained for it with Dr. Double."—"He has not broken the contract, I can aſſure you," replied Dr. Kind. "Is it not yours, then?" haſtily cried the ſoldier. "But it ſhall—it ſhall be!" And he took ſeveral turns, or rather quick marches, acroſs the room. His heart was full—a tear relieved him.

In a few weeks his regiſter from Ireland, and every neceſſary voucher for his idenity, were procured. He aſſerted his claim; every one was ſatisfied with it's equity, except his couſin; he took poſſeſſion; ſolicited Mr. Martin, in vain, to accept a reward for his exertions; and, in preſenting the rectory to the benevolent doctor, experienced the ſubliméſt gratification of a noble heart, from the conſciouſneſs of having, by promoting the independence of Virtue, diſcharged the obligation of Gratitude.

MELANCHOLY.

MELANCHOLY.

AMID the calm, ſequeſter'd ſhade,
Sad Melancholy wanders ſtill;
Or, penſive, droops the chearleſs maid
Beſide the ſilver, purling rill:

Where Silence holds her placid ſway,
Scarce interrupted by the ſtream;
Or e'en the ſigh, that heaves it's way
From nurs'd Affliction's troubled dream:

Where fall'n the ſculptor's pride is ſeen,
The moſs-rob'd pillar's worn remains;
And mould'ring Grandeur's ſullen mien
Derides the ſkilful artiſt's pains:

Where, emblematick, falls the bough
Of drooping Sorrow's favour'd tree;
And warm Devotion breathes her vow,
Beneath the veil of ſecreſy:

Where Pity weeps o'er Folly's train,
And Mirth forgets his mad career:
Where Love dares venture to complain,
And Superſtition bows to Fear:

Where rarely on the verdant way
The footſtep's form appears impreſt;
There, whither oft I've wiſh'd to ſtray,
Where none my muſings might moleſt!

In penſive thought's abſtracted guiſe,
To brood o'er Diſappointment's reign;
Hope's pleaſing wiſh to realize,
In Fancy's light, ideal train!

For Melancholy's mournful reign,
And Senſibility's ſoft pow'r,
Produce a pleaſure, oft, from pain,
And milder make the plaintive hour.

THE OLD MAIDS ORDEAL.

A VISION.

AN *Old Maid*, if I may he permitted to uſe the compariſon, without incurring the imputation of diſreſpect for the fair-ſex, which I totally diſavow, ſeems to be conſidered as the *Owl* of human nature; for, as the whole feathered tribe ſeize joyfully every opportunity to torment that unhappy bird, though the favourite of wiſdom; ſo have the reſt of the human race conceived a ſtrange antipathy againſt the Old Maid; whom they conſider as fair game, and are continually attacking with the weapons both of ridicule and miſchief. Like the Owl, ſhe is a ſolitary animal; and many of her ſpecies are accuſed of preying, in ſecret, on the reputations even of the innocent; as the type which I have ſelected for her deſtroys, in the dark, not only mice, her natural food, but very frequently the inoffenſive inhabitants of the dove cote.

However, moſt popular prejudices are abſurd; and not one of the leaſt ſo, is that entertained againſt this not overnumerous claſs of females. For why, I think it neceſſary to aſk, in a land of liberty, and eſpecially that of conſcience, ſhould not a woman, when a man inſiſts upon it as his privilege, be ſuffered to follow the bias of her own inclination, in a point on which her terreſtrial happineſs principally depends, without being liable either to the odium of guilt, or the ſarcaſms of folly? In an age when matrimony is ſo far degraded, as in many caſes to be, according to a celebrated writer, no other than *legal proſtitution*; and, in moſt, whether through maſculine tyranny, or feminine ambition, I ſhall not attempt to decide, a ſtate of inceſſant repining and contention: I think it ought not to be a matter of ſo much wonder, that a woman ſhould chuſe rather to retain her liberty, than ſubmit to wear the yoke with heavineſs and diſcord; particularly, as a breach of the Hymeneal vow, on the *male* ſide, is looked on with ſuch perfect indifference, that even a brace of miſtreſſes are as faſhionable appendages

dages to a modern married man of rank, as trinkets for a fop, or ruffles for a dancing-maſter.

But, allowing wedlock to be that ſtate of ineffable bliſs, the deſcription of which we have all ſeen ſo often attempted in vain; and which it undoubtedly might be, when founded on eſteem, prudence, and piety, and *then only*; I cannot but conceive, that thoſe who exclude themſelves from it, are ſufficiently puniſhed by foregoing the treaſure they diſclaim; without being continually ſubject to opprobrious reflection, and unmanly inſult. Celibacy may, in many caſes, be a folly; but, perhaps, in very few a crime.

There are ſome Old Maids, I am ready to allow, properly objects of cenſure; but moſt of them, I am convinced, are real ſubjects for pity, and ſome worthy of reſpectful veneration. When a woman loſes all her admirers, or, which is worſe, never attracts any, through malignancy of heart, or inſtability of diſpoſition, one naturally feels little concern for her: but as females are not allowed, conſiſtent with our ideas of decorum, to chuſe for themſelves; and muſt therefore wait with patience till a man ſhall offer whom they can love, and which to many may never happen; they are often neceſſitated to take involuntary refuge in celibacy, rather than connect themſelves without a proſpect of felicity: and ſuch are, indiſputably, entitled to the kindeſt offices of condolence.

The moſt refined, yet ſmalleſt claſs of Old Maids, are thoſe, independent of the tenet ſupported by many of the fathers, "that the order of nature and the inſtitutions of Providence render it incumbent on all to marry"—the validity of which need not here be examined—who abſtract themſelves freely from the ſpeculations of matrimony, in order to employ their time, uncontrouled, in conciliating the jealouſies, ſympathizing with the ſorrows, and relieving the diſtreſſes, of their fellow-creatures, in proportion to their ability; and, in the language of Scripture, like the wiſe virgins, "in preparing their lamps againſt the wedding ſupper of the Lamb." Perhaps, in ſtrict propriety, theſe, and theſe only, ſhould be called *virgins*; for, as the merit of any action is to be deduced from the will, thoſe who continue ſingle through accident, diſappointment,

diſappointment, or neceſſity, ſurely forfeit all pretenſions to the title, as wanting the chief requiſite, inclination.

Revolving the foregoing obſervations in my mind, I was inſenſibly tranſported to the regions of Fancy; and found myſelf in a crouded court of juſtice, convened, as I underſtood, for the trial of ſuch females, above twenty-one years of age, as had departed this life in the ſame *maiden* ſtate they had entered it. They were arraigned, at the inſtance of *Hymen*; who, diſpleaſed at loſing ſo many votaries, took this method of procuring ſatisfaction from thoſe who could not produce ſufficient reaſons for their conduct. *Chaſtity* preſided, robed in white; and, in order to diſpenſe with witneſſes, pleadings, and many other formalities, *Conſcience*, with a wand, which had the property of exacting the truth, touched the lips of each delinquent as ſhe approached the bar; and, thus conſtrained, each told her ſtory without prevarication.

To minute the event of every trial would be frivolous; many were ſentenced to the company of apes, parrots, lap-dogs, and ſquirrels; or to provide warm corners for incorrigible batchelors; ſome to form amaranthine wreaths for worthy matrons; and ſome were allowed to return to that inſipid tranquillity in which they had paſſed their lives.

I ſhall, however, mention a few particulars, for the ſatisfaction of the curious, and the contemplation of thoſe individually concerned.

The firſt who preſented herſelf at the bar, had long exceeded her climacterick. She had been beautiful when young, and poſſeſſed many ſuitors, all of whom ſhe loſt, through haughtineſs; however, when her charms were in the wane, and ſhe found herſelf deſerted; repenting her folly, ſhe employed every art to recal thoſe who had forſaken her, but in vain; and, as ſhe could never be perſuaded ſhe was growing old, practiſed at fifty-ſix all the airs of ſixteen; till death, in pity, relieved her from a ſtate of anxiety and deſpair. She was condemned to wander behind the *Lovers Paradiſe*; to be witneſs to bliſs ſhe had fooliſhly forfeited, and which ſhe could now never taſte.

The next was a lady who had been both agreeable and rich, but who confeſſed that ſhe had never but two offers

in her life; both of which she refused—the one was from a professed rake; and the other, from a man whose anxious devotion was attracted by her wealth. Chastity, commending her discretion and spirit, consigned her to the keeper of the *Virgins Elysium*.

She was succeeded by two, successively: the one, a lady of *Quality*; and the other, of *Quantity*. They had both rejected all their lovers; the one, because she had never met with any of *equal rank* with herself; and the other, in consequence of experiencing the same thing relative to *fortune*. They were laughed at by the whole court; and Hymen observed, with indignation, that to such notions were owing the many miserable unions which had given occasion for reflections on his profession. They were sent to the *Paradise of Fools*; with orders for their crimes to be written indelibly on their foreheads, whence it was supposed they would become eternal objects of ridicule, even to that inconsistent assembly.

A lady, with an air of bewitching good-nature, now came forward. She was born rich; and had chosen a single life, in order to dispose of her fortune in portioning several poor, but worthy couples: she had, through a long life, the unspeakable pleasure of contemplating the scenes of happiness she had given rise to, and now claimed the reward of her unparalleled disinterestedness. Hymen, notwithstanding she had added so many to the number of his adherents, regretted the loss of her; observing, "that she must, as a wife, have reflected such an honour on wedlock, as to have retrieved, probably, all the reputation he had lost." Chastity, however, thinking her a proper companion for herself, entreated her, before she entered Elysium, to join her on the bench, and assist in trying the remaining causes.

The next was a female, who candidly declared, that she never had an honourable offer in her life. "Poor thing!" unanimously and emphatically exclaimed all the ladies below the bar. Hymen admitted the cogency of her plea; and the judge translated her to Elysium, to make amends for her disappointment.

Another now stepped up, who was born remarkably beautiful, and had broken the hearts of a score or more lovers; encouraging their addresses till she had enslaved their

their ſouls, and then diſmiſſing them to enjoy the triumph of their deſpair. On being aſked her reaſons for ſuch inhuman conduct, ſhe very boldly replied, to revenge the wrongs of her ſex—"Bravo!" re-echoed through the court. But, ſilence being called, the Amazon was ſentenced to be turned looſe into the *Grove for deſponding Lovers*, who had fallen victims to the paſſion, where her cruelties would be ſufficiently retaliated on herſelf.

After her removal, came a culprit who, having promiſed herſelf in marriage to a creditable young man, who was very fond of her, reſcinded her agreement in favour of a fortune-hunter who made propoſals to her, but who, before the day fixed for their nuptials, ran away with a diſtinguiſhed heireſs. She now endeavoured to regain her old lover; but, finding all her efforts vain, exerted every artifice to injure him in the eſteem of a worthy young lady whoſe affections he had gained, and whom he in fact married. To her extreme mortification, they enjoyed enviable happineſs; which ſhe, however, inceſſantly tried to interrupt: and, at laſt, died in conſequence of a cold caught by walking in a heavy ſhower, from a viſit ſhe had been paying for the purpoſe of ſpreading a report to their diſadvantage. She was remanded back to earth—it being firſt ordained, that no one ſhould in future believe what ſhe ſaid—there to continue a farther witneſs of their conjugal bliſs, which was thought the greateſt puniſhment poſſible to be inflicted on her.

Her room was ſupplied by a moſt notorious offender; who, being both too ugly, and too wicked, to attract notice, determined to revenge the ſlights of the men, on the unmarried members of her own ſex. In conſequence, through the mediums of treachery and defamation, ſhe broke many matches which were on the point of being concluded; and poiſoned the happineſs of many couples, whoſe union ſhe had vainly endeavoured to prevent. The whole court was loud in it's exclamations againſt her; and ſhe was doomed to be chained to a rock, in the *Old Maid's Tartarus*, and to undergo a *Promothean* puniſhment; with this difference, that the part to be devoured was her *tongue*.

This culprit gave way to a bluſhing maid of twenty-two, whoſe features I immediately recognized. She had

been addreſſed by a young man on whom ſhe doated; but her confidential friend ſeduced him from her. They were privately married, and the firſt intelligence was exultingly conveyed to her by the abandoned object of treachery. The ſhock proved too great for the delicacy of her conſtitution; ſhe fell a martyr to deſpondency; and, only two days before, I had followed her to the grave. On her being aſked to give an account of herſelf, ſhe burſt into tears: when, leaving the crowd, and ſtepping up to the bar, I began to relate her ſtory; but was preſently interrupted, and interrogated as to my buſineſs there? I ſtood confounded; and Hymen, eyeing me keenly, and declaring that I was a *Batchelor*, the place began to be up in arms, and the whole body of females were proceeding to vent their indignation upon me; when their clamours at once put an end to their rage, and my fears, by awaking me.

THE OLD OAK.

MARK, on yon hill, a venerable Oak
Obnoxious ſtand to each tempeſtuous ſtroke:
Around it's trunk, with many a chaſm defac'd,
Skirted with moſs, by turning ivy brac'd,
The flocks ſtand thick, for ſhelter, or for ſhade;
Alike the birds the ſpreading boughs invade.
I've ſeen, at eve, when Care relax'd his frown,
Turn'd from his forge and threw his hammer down,
A ruſtick Sage beneath it's covert ſtand;
By hinds ſurrounded in a liſt'ning band;
While he recounted to their wond'ring ears,
It's height, girth, hiſtory, and length of years.
Two generations had already paſt,
The third, grown hoary, now approach'd it's laſt;
The fourth was riſing; ſince the manor's lord,
Plac'd it a ſapling in the parted ſward.
Long was he childleſs; but, his name to ſpare,
And 'twas illuſtrious, Heav'n had ſent an heir:
The joyous parent, on the hill's broad head,
In ample heaps the feſtive honours ſpread;

All

All comers welcom'd; and unbounded mirth
Proclaim'd his tranſport, and the bantling's birth!
Then, as a long memorial of th' event,
The tree was planted; while the air was rent
With bacchant wiſhes for the Planter's peace,
The Child's proſperity, and Oak's increaſe.
He, from his grandſire, heard the whole detail;
Who, then a ſtripling, quaff'd his honour's ale.
He told, too, ſmiling, how it came to prove,
The ſtanding chronicle of rural love;
How, on it's bark, the amorous ſwain engrav'd,
The magick name which all his ſoul enſlav'd!
Some traces mark'd by Time not quite ſubdu'd:
And, pleas'd, he prais'd the wooers and the woo'd:
Told, in what numbers theſe could hearts inflame;
How thoſe were victors at the village game.
But now, alas! how ruthleſs Time deſtroys!
Gone were the partners of his early joys.
One trace he view'd, and ſtifled half a ſigh;
I ſaw him turn, a guſhing tear to dry;
Himſelf had form'd it, in a generous hour,
When ſleek fac'd Hope arm'd Love's deluſive power.
Bright were the damſel's charms, her manners ſweet;
Her tongue perſuaſion, but her ſoul deceit.
His hopes ſhe flatter'd, and his gifts receiv'd;
Frequent his gifts, for much the youth believ'd;
But much he gave, and much believ'd in vain;
Her hand ſhe yielded to a richer ſwain.
Drooping he went; but time and youth combin'd
Repair'd his ſpirits, and confirm'd his mind.
But no vain beauty now his breaſt could move;
He ſhunn'd the ſex, and ſteel'd his ſoul to love.
Thus all his hopes one artful woman croſs'd;
Through one baſe woman, all his youth was loſt.
No nuptial comfort ſooth'd his anxious breaſt;
No parent's joy his yearning ſoul expreſs'd;
Cheerleſs, he wander'd through life's dull decline;
And mourn'd "himſelf the laſt of all his line."
Well ſung the Bard—"O, be the Jilt accurs'd!
Of all the vicious, ſurely, ſhe's the worſt!"

THE COURT OF HYMEN.

A VISION.

MARRIAGE, the moſt ſalutary compact of ſociety, like all other beneficent deſigns, is by it's preſent arrangements ſo far perverted from original purity, as to become the dread of many, the ſcorn of more, and the jeſt of moſt: but, as it is well known that this ſtate, under the auſpices of Reaſon and Virtue, is capable of producing the moſt exalted pleaſures, whenever it preſents us with inſtances of inquietude, we may naturally conclude that it's ordinances have been violated; and to depreciate the ſpirit of any inſtitution, for the irregularities of ſome of it's members, is certainly unjuſt.

Being tranſlated to the Temple of Hymen, I heard Fame proclaiming—on account of the many aſperſions of cruelty and tyranny that power had long laboured under, ſuch of his votaries as thought themſelves aggrieved, were invited to repair to his tribunal with their complaints, that the nature of their ſeveral caſes might be conſidered, and relief extended where deemed neceſſary. The court filled in an inſtant, each couple contending for the firſt audience, and it was a long time before order could be eſtabliſhed; but being at laſt effected, a gay pair—mere girl and boy—preſented themſelves at the bar, from whence complainants were allowed to plead. It turned out to be a Gretna Green match: they had been wedded but ſix months, and deſpiſed each other as heartily as they had before admired.

Hymen informed them, that they were wrong in accuſing him as the author of the miſery they had brought on themſelves. He obſerved, that in no ſtate would they find happineſs unconnected with virtue: that matrimony was deſigned for the benefit of mankind; conſequently it's baſis was founded by Juſtice, whoſe œconomy they had infringed in the very circumſtance of their union, as obedience to parents was one of the moſt poſitive articles of her ſupreme law. Parents, he confeſſed, were ſometimes unreaſonable

unreaſonable in their commands; but *green youth* was ſeldom capable of judging for itſelf—of which *they* were a ſtriking inſtance—conſequently, in moſt caſes criminal to diſpute mandates in tendency beyond it's capacity; and, even in caſes where it had power of deciding, remonſtrance was to be uſed, not rebellion. Had they not been ſo haſty, they might, by proper reflection, have diſcovered the cauſes of parental interdiction, otherwiſe than by the bondage of experience. "Beſides," he continued, "marriage, unconnected with love, from the common nature of things, could never prove grateful; and Love, though fervent, was not impetuous: and, whatever mankind might conceive relative to his being blind, wanton, and weak; he was, on the contrary, ſharp-ſighted, ſtrongly affected towards Virtue, and always liſtened to the voice of Diſcretion." They had miſtaken, for this benevolent paſſion, an intemperate being, called *Infatuation*; who had converted the roſeate ceſtus with which Hymen preſented them into a yoke, which they muſt ſubmit to bear with patience; as it would ill become him, as a miniſter of juſtice, though ſometimes ordained by the fates an agent of vengeance on the impious, to beſtow that indulgence to diſappointed Guilt, meant only for the relief of deluded Virtue. Aſſuring them, therefore, that Prudence would ſuggeſt many methods of alleviation, he diſmiſſed them, perfectly diſſatisfied with his lecture.

The next pair who came forward to reproach Hymen, equally in effect criminated each other. Avarice was imputed as the cauſe of diſagreement on the part of the gentleman, and prodigality on that of the lady. The object of the former, in marrying, was to augment his fortune; and that of the latter, to enable her to ſupport an *equipage*, which was made one of the principal features of the marriage treaty; on condition, however, that Madam ſhould diſpenſe with the article of *pin-money*. To make up this loſs, ſhe had recourſe to gaming; and the huſband, in conſequence, had ſo many *debts of honour* to diſcharge, that he poſitively refuſed to ſtand to his agreement. Hymen ridiculed them for ſuppoſing bliſs could poſſibly attend an union cemented on ſo ſordid a principle: but, that they might have no farther pretext to charge him with injuſtice, he offered to diſſolve their bonds; provided the huſband

huſband would agree to return the wife's dower, or that ſhe would be content that he ſhould keep it wholly. To this neither would aſſent; and they both retired, as little pleaſed as the preceding couple.

The ſucceeding cauſe was nearly of the ſame nature. *Fortune* was the lure on one ſide, and *Title* on the other. The deciſion correſponded with that already given.

A very modiſh pair now, on being interrogated, Why did they marry? replied—"For a whim!" Hymen remarked, as they were ſuch humouriſts, ſhould he divide them, they might take a new whim to be joined again; and as he, poſſibly, might not then be in the humour to indulge them, he thought, to ſave them from future inconvenience, it would be beſt to leave them as they were. The gentleman told him, that he was a queer fellow; and retired, picking his teeth; while the lady followed him, humming an opera tune.

A feeble old man, and a ſprightly young girl, were next in rotation. Without being heard, they were told, that they deſerved every thing they might have to complain of; as they had, by uniting, committed treaſon againſt nature. They were accordingly diſmiſſed with contempt.

The next huſband taxed his wife with adultery, which ſhe defended on the ſcore of ill-uſage. It turned out, however, that this ſpark kept a brace of miſtreſſes. Hymen ſternly demanded of him how he dared to appear there with ſuch a charge, conſidering the predicament in which he ſtood; declaring that, in moſt caſes where women were accuſed of infidelity, it originated from men's ſetting them the example. Informing the wife, however, that her huſband's defection was no palliation of her crime, he ordered them from the place, amid the hootings of the whole aſſembly.

The following couple diſliked each other even on the day of marriage; but had attended the altar, at the commands of their reſpective parents, and their averſion had been daily increaſing. The judge highly commended their filial obedience, and confeſſed it deſerved a better reward than inceſſant diſcord: but obſerved, at the ſame time, that they had not given the matter a fair trial; that they had met with prejudice, which inſtead of endeavouring to ſurmount, they appeared to have embraced every opportunity

to

to fortify. He differed, he ſaid, from the received *prudential* opinion—"Marry firſt, and love will come after;" but adviſed them, for the reaſons he had given, to attempt a courteous mode of behaviour towards each other, which time might ripen into affection. If, after repeated trials, however, they ſhould find the exertion ſtill painful, on being again applied to, he promiſed to take proper ſteps for their deliverance. They made their obeiſance, and withdrew, ſeemingly very well ſatisfied.

The merits of the next cauſe, were thoſe of two-thirds of modern unions. The complainants had been united, after a very ſhort courtſhip, in conſequence of the gentleman's having ſaid a great many fine things to the lady; and treated her to all places of faſhionable reſort, merely becauſe ſhe dreſſed the ſmarteſt of his female acquaintance, and underſtood *common ſenſe* as little as himſelf. Hymen directed them to obſerve the ſame methods to *ſecure* each others affection as they had taken to *gain* it; and ordered them to make room for a huſband accuſing his wife of *democracy*, who recriminated on him with the charge of *ariſtocracy*. Hymen obſerved, ſmiling, that a man would naturally be a matrimonial ariſtocrate, under the idea of his being lord and maſter; and a woman the contrary, from her antipathy to having a ſuperior. But, he told them, to obtain pleaſure, they ſhould follow the advice of the philoſopher; who, being applied to for his opinion on a ſimilar ſubject, preſented the queriſts with the repreſentation of two oxen ploughing, with a reference to the words—"Draw equal."

A modeſt young woman, and a ferocious looking man, were next. By repeated profeſſions of love, and extreme appearances of tenderneſs, the woman, who poſſeſſed a trifling fortune, had been induced to give her hand to a villain, whoſe hypocriſy originated in the contemplation of her dower; which having ſquandered, he not only continually abuſed, but beat, and many ways inhumanly treated her. They were immediately ſeparated: ſhe was delivered to Peace, who reſtored the faded roſe of her cheek; and he to Infamy, who branded him on the forehead, and then drove him out of the temple.

A wife, who accuſed her huſband, as it is commonly expreſſed, of wearing the *petticoats*; and a huſband, who taxed

taxed his wife with the ſame thing relative to the *breeches*; now took up the attention of the court. They were ſoon, however, diſmiſſed: the man being told that, if he gave up the *inſignia* of maſterſhip, he had no one but himſelf to blame; and the woman, that ſhe ought, at leaſt, to be contented with the power of governing, a privilege moſt of her ſex would be tranſported with.

Their room was ſupplied by the very couple who, as is well known, quarrelled concerning the *bag*, on application for the memorable Dunmow *Flitch of Bacon*; the loſs of which had been a bone of contention ever ſince: but another, which Hymen beſtowed on them, ſet every thing to rights; and they trudged away very lovingly together.

A proceſſion of cottagers, preceded by a pipe and tabor, and decked with garlands, now arreſted the general attention. An old couple, apparently about ſixty, were introduced; who, approaching the throne of Hymen, told him they had been wedded forty years; that day was the anniverſary of their union; and that, to prove how happy content and good-humour had made them all that time, they were come to renew their vows. Hymen, with a look of moſt gracious approbation, placed an amaranthine wreath on each of their heads; and the ceremony began with an offering of incenſe ſo fragrant, that it's poignancy deprived me of ſenſation. After a momentary ſuſpenſion of ideas, I found myſelf in my chamber; and a waggiſh acquaintance by my bed-ſide, in the act of awakening me by the application of a bottle of ſalts to my noſe.

SPLEEN. A SONNET.

CURSE on thee, Spleen! or liberate my ſoul,
Or I muſt call on Madneſs for relief:
Madneſs is bliſs, compar'd with thy controul
Of nerveleſs yearnings, and lean, tearleſs Grief!

For

For Madneſs ſometimes will give ear to Mirth;
Yes, I have ſeen him ſooth'd into a ſmile:
But thou, O Locuſt! of the ſickſieſt birth,
Gangren'ſt all humours with thy vapoury bile!

Not even Love—and Madneſs ſits by Love,
And hears his tale, and ſighs, and oft will weep:
While thou, worſt horror of the wrath of Jove!
Would'ſt daſh him headlong from the wildeſt ſteep!

I can no more.—Heav'n ſave me! leſt deſpair
Drive my poor ſtruggling ſoul to tax thy care!

PHŒBE SMITH.

A MORAL TALE.

SWEET as the voice of the ſyren is the language of ſenſibility; ſoft as the aſpect of nature, when the genius of ſtorms meditates, in ſilence, a tumultuous deſcent: but oft, like the preluſive calm, it contains the ſeeds of miſchief; and, like the harmony of the ſyren, ſhould be heard with diſtruſt. As the delightful beverage of the vineyard, it attunes the heart to the moſt generous and ſalutary affections: but, with that, ſteals inſenſibly on the imagination; and, unleſs tempered by the according hand of Diſcretion, debaſes where it ſhould refine, and enervates where it ſhould confirm.

Senſibility, though undoubtly propitious to virtue, like all excellences, has it's counterfeit; and, when carried to an extreme, degenerates into vice. The ſpirit of Nature rejoices in equanimity; and prefers for her reſidence the bowers of ſpring.

Phœbe Smith was the only, and darling, child of Captain Smith; a military gentleman, who, having devoted the flower of his days to the honourable ſervice of his country, retired at fifty-ſix, crowned with the well-earned laurel, to a ſmall family eſtate in Flintſhire. His avocations were ſuch as will naturally ſuggeſt themſelves to be moſt eligible to a liberal and poliſhed mind. An union

of

of thirty years had improved, rather than impaired, the affection of an amiable wife; and the dutiful demeanour of his daughter, founded on principle, was confirmed by parental tenderneſs. So entire a confidence, indeed, ſubſiſted between the members of this little family, that they might truly be ſaid to experience that ſummit of terreſtial joy, domeſtick felicity. A chief trait in the character of Phœbe was an ingenuous benevolence of heart; which, through judging of others by herſelf, induced her generally to attribute more ſincerity to mankind than common experience will authorize. She alſo poſſeſſed a delicate ſenſibility; which, by an immediate attachment to what is called Sentimental Literature, became ſo exquiſitely refined, that her affections grew too chimerical to ſatisfy, and her ſolicitudes almoſt too poignant to ſupport.

Her father witneſſed this perverſion of her mind with no little anxiety; but, in his attempts to reclaim her, averſe to harſhneſs, only took the mild methods of remonſtrance and reaſoning. "My dear Phœbe," would he ſay, "Senſibility is the offspring of Humanity; and, conſequently, ought to be cheriſhed: but let us be careful that the methods we take to improve, do not corrupt it. Too much indulgence is as detrimental as total neglect. Whenever we refine our ideas and affections to ſuch a degree that the former cannot be reduced to practice, and the latter revolts at co-operating with the claims of ſociety, there is great reaſon to ſuſpect that we have tranſgreſſed the ordinances of Nature; for virtue diſclaims uſeleſs ſpeculation, and ſociety can only be benefitted by alacrity and perſeverance. I am afraid, that the world has more to dread, on the ſcore of degeneracy, from thoſe who ſtile themſelves Sentimental Writers, than we are apt to conceive. The genuine effuſions of honeſt ſenſibility, are of ſervice to morality; but if we allow ourſelves to be affected by the quaint bombaſt of a diſtempered fancy, or the querulous detail of a diſſatisfied mind; we ſhall, in all probability, imbibe the euthuſiaſm of the one, and the peeviſhneſs of the other. When the mind poſſeſſes ſtrength to diſcriminate, and coolneſs to examine, little danger need be apprehended; but as the credulous impetuoſity of youth often produces improper confidences, and fatal deciſions; and as we are always liable to be miſled, through the

the arts of the deſigning, and the ſpecious arguments of infatuated error; it is certainly moſt adviſeable, in ſuch caſes, to conſult experience for information, before we form concluſions, or meditate purſuits.

"Do not imagine that I would curtail your pleaſures, I only wiſh to direct them to a proper channel; and I think it my duty to warn you againſt the inconveniences you are likely to ſuffer from an intemperate paſſion for a ſpecies of writing, generally captivating, but rarely natural; conſequently, calculated chiefly to affect our happineſs by vitiating our morals."

Phœbe was nineteen, when Enſign Medhurſt, ſon to an old ſchoolfellow of the Captain's, came down to paſs a few weeks with our little family. He was a young man poſſeſſed of many accompliſhments, but deſtitute of principle. He had never ſeen Phœbe before; and had not been long acquainted with her, before he reſolved to repay the hoſpitality of the father by the ruin of the daughter. Active obſervation ſoon informed him of her ruling paſſion; and, by flattering this, he promiſed himſelf the attainment of his wiſh. Every one much converſant with ſentimental novels, will readily conceive the methods which he took; and, from the ſame intelligence, will probably anticipate the cataſtrophe! His deſign accompliſhed, Medhurſt, on a preconcerted ſcheme, took his leave at the villa ſooner than was expected; but ſucceeded in conſoling the heart-breaking Phœbe, by aſſuring her, that the moment he had ſettled the buſineſs which unexpectedly called him away, he would aſſuredly return, and aſk her hand of her father, being certain, as he ſaid, of obtaining that of his own.

Three months, however, paſſed without her ſeeing him; it is true, that he had twice written to her, from motives of policy, and this kept hope alive in her breaſt; nor was it till the expiration of that period, when ſhe heard of his being married in London, that her eyes were commpleatly open to his villiany, and her own ſhame. Theſe circumſtances operated ſo ſeverely on her mind, as to throw her into a moſt violent fever; out of which ſhe aroſe, after more than two months, an emaciated object of lunacy!

It was now, from her emphatick incoherencies, that the doating parents firſt gathered the occaſion of their

daughter's malady, and a knowledge of the wretch who had betrayed her. To attempt at deſcribing the father's agonies, would be affectation; for the mother's, ſuffice it to ſay, that ſhe fell an immediate victim to them!

But for the interference of an intimate friend of the Captain, he had ſet off immediately to London, to have ſacrificed Medhurſt to the manes of his wife, and an expiatory offering for the indiſcretion of his child. This gentleman repreſented, that he was altogether unworthy of death inflicted by the hand of a man of honour; recommended him, for his child's ſake, not to riſk his own life; and aſſured him, that he would exert himſelf to the utmoſt, in bringing that villain to as condign a puniſhment as the law would allow.

The wretched parent ſeemed ſatisfied with theſe aſſurances, and endeavoured to appear compoſed; but his flattering appearance was like that of Etna, whoſe ſides are covered with verdure, while fires prey on it's entrails.

He had fully determined, in his own mind, to avenge his wrongs more effectually than the law would admit: for this purpoſe, unknown to his friend, he ſent a preſſing invitation to old Medhurſt and his ſon, which he begged they would comply with as ſoon as poſſible. Frank, who had every thing to dread, made every excuſe he reaſonably could; but as his father was very partial to the Captain, he inſiſted on his compliance, and they ſet off together.

On their arrival, they were ſhewn into the parlour; where the Captain ſat, with his friend, who was ſurprized at their unexpected appearance. Mr. Medhurſt, after the firſt ſalutation, which he thought rather cool, enquired for Mrs. Smith, and Phœbe, and the reaſon why the family were in mourning. The Captain, with a deep ſigh, anſwered, that his wife was no more; and intreated their company, with that of his friend, to viſit Phœbe, whom they would find in the garden.

She was now in ſo deplorable a ſtate, as ſcarcely to remember the features of any one; and, when they diſcovered her, ſhe was ſitting in the very bower where ſhe had firſt liſtened to her betrayer. Frank trembled at the approach, and ſhrunk back behind his father. She did not perceive them till they were cloſe to the entrance.—"Huſh!" ſhe cried, "you've frightened him away; and he

he was ſaying the ſweeteſt things! he knelt there; and when he ſaid *he loved me*, oh! how the tears ran down his cheeks— and my heart ſo fluttered—yes, he talked ſo charmingly—but, there, I've a ſad memory."—Then taking up the remains of a roſe, the leaves of which ſhe had ſcattered on the ground, and looking wiſtfully on her father—"This was a pretty roſe once!"—So ſtriking an emblem of herſelf, heightened by the unconſcious manner in which ſhe uttered it, operated with full force on the parent. He hid his face for a moment; and then, recollecting himſelf, re-aſſumed his previous ſternneſs. At this moment, Frank, by altering his poſition, caught the eye of the afflicted girl; ſhe ſurveyed him ſome time, with a ſort of confuſed terror; then, riſing from her ſeat, left the bower, and walked precipitately to the houſe. Their eyes followed till they loſt ſight of her, when the Captain thus addreſſed them—"The entertainment I have provided for you is a melancholy one, but neceſſity demands it; the fate of that unhappy girl was the death of her mother!"—Here he drew his hand acroſs his eyes—"and her miſery was occaſioned by a wretch who, while he eat at my table, planned the ruin of my child." Then, turning to Frank—"Do I ſpeak falſely?" Hardened as he was in vice, the contemptible culprit hung his head, incapable either of denying the accuſation, or of offering the ſmalleſt excuſe, while his father ſtood confounded with wonder and horror. But the ſilence of a few moments was interrupted by the Captain; who, drawing a caſe of piſtols from his pocket, preſented one to young Medhurſt. "There, Sir, Would to God you had dealt as juſtly with me!" The father and the friend interfered in vain: the Captain was determined, they meaſured paces, and the ſeducer fell. It were needleſs to dwell on the enſuing ſcene. Mr. Medhurſt applied to the bar of criminal juriſdiction for redreſs. The Captain reſigned himſelf with chearfulneſs; and, being found guilty of murder, heard with great firmneſs, ſentence of death paſſed on him.

The very peculiar circumſtances of his caſe, however, together with the recollection of his profeſſional ſervices, procured him the Royal mercy. But, though reſtored to ſociety, he was not ſo to himſelf. He buried Phœbe ſoon after; ſold his eſtate; and, retiring to one of the moſt re-

mote parts of England, dedicated the ſhort remainder of his life to brooding ſolitude, and hopeleſs ſorrow.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR;
OR, "LIVE AND LET LIVE."

SAYS Death to the Doctor, and ſhew'd him his dart—
"I've got you at laſt, friend! This, this to your heart!
No more ſhall you cheat me——" "Cheat you, friend!
which way?"—
"By ſaving whole thouſands deſign'd for my prey."—
"Me deprive you of thouſands?" replied Galen's ſon;
"I ſwear, Sir, I never depriv'd you of one.
While patients can fee, 'tis my int'reſt to ſave 'em;
But, you well know, at laſt, I take care you ſhall have 'em.
Then withdraw your curs'd dart; reconſider the caſe;
Let juſtice, at leaſt, if not friendſhip, take place:
Don't envy me graſs, while you riot in clover;
But, "Live, and let live, brother, all the world over."

ESSAY,
ACCOUNTING FOR
OUR DISPOSITIONS AND CHARACTERS,
FROM
CORRESPONDING QUALITIES IN MINERAL NATURE.

AMUSING myſelf, lately, with Ovid's fiction of the renovation of mankind, after the flood, by Deucalion and Pyrrha; it occured to me, that the allegory might be extended much farther, and not unprofitably; by accounting for every different ſpecies of men, from the ſuppoſitions of their being the productions of ſuch ſtones, or mineral ſubſtances, as may ſeem moſt analagous to their reſpective natures.

To

To effect a proper aſſimilation of this idea, it muſt be granted, that the agents of the miracle are enabled, by the ſuperior Power, to command proportionate quantities of all the various minerals, foſſils, calculous concretions, ores, gems, and petrified ſubſtances, either concealed in the bowels of the earth, or depoſited in the profound beds of the ſea.

We may, then, without the ſmalleſt embarraſſment, proceed to affirm, that wherever a piece of *marble*, or *alabaſter*, was thrown, there aroſe a being, whether male or female, of a fair and ſpecious external; hard-hearted, and inſenſible to every tender impreſſion: while ſoft *chalky ſubſtances* neceſſarily produced characters eaſily moulded into any form; yielding, alike, to the chaſte deſigns of Wiſdom, or the wild caprice of Folly. From the *copper ore* may be derived thoſe of a corroding nature: the envious, the malevolent, all retailers of ſlander, and other pernicious underminers of our felicity. From *iron*, the intrepid and hardy; as, warriors, and perſons remarkably tenacious of their rights, and averſe to flexibility; to familiarize and refine whom, requires the united efforts of enduring time and perſevering labour, ſimilar to what is neceſſary to produce, from this metal, it's elaſtick and poliſhed offspring, *ſteel*. From *lead* we may expect the ſaturnine and groſs; the bigotted devotee, the ſervile groveller, and the phlegmatick boor.

Gold and *ſilver*, it may be preſumed, gave birth to poets, hiſtorians, artiſts, and all other deſcriptions of exalted characters; whoſe labours, the effect of genius, are of ſterling value; poſſeſſing the power to enrich, refine, and improve mankind. At the firſt view, I was tempted to deduce the origin of the miſer from the ſame ſource; but it ſoon occurred, that his origin might more reaſonably be imputed to that ſpecies of *coal* frequently found encruſted with a ſemblance of theſe valuable metals, acquired by means with which the wiſeſt characters are wholly unacquainted: and this ſemblance ſtill more forcibly ſtrikes us, when we reflect that, from this mineral, like the character alluded to, there is no advantage derivable till it's diſſolution.

In the mariner, we may trace a ſimilitude to the *coral*; authorized by the uncommon firmneſs of both, and their thriving beſt in their native element.

The various deſcriptions of gems, and precious ſtones, afford numerous examples to illuſtrate our theory.

The tranſparency of the *chryſtal* bears an apt reſemblance to openneſs and candour of ſentiment; the delicate violet of the *amethyſt*, preſents an agreeable feature of unaffected modeſty, generally inherent in a character of real merit; the *ſapphire*'s blue, an idea of that heavenly ſerenity of mind accompanying a courſe of virtue; the bright green of the *emerald*, a lively temper, connected with ſolidity of mind; the rich yellow of the *topaz*, the mellow or ſocial diſpoſition uncorrupted by exceſs; and the glowing red of the *ruby*, zeal for religion, finely tempered by the according power of reaſon.

The *pearl* ſheds the precious ſeeds of thoſe amiable and ſilent virtues, which exiſt rarely but in private life; and which are only preſerved by avoiding a too familiar intercourſe with the world, their purity being eaſily ſullied: ſuch as adorn the chaſte virgin, the faithful wife, the tender mother, and the amiable friend.

The *diamond* is juſtly allowed pre-eminence, as well for brilliancy of appearance, as ſolidity of worth; we muſt, therefore, neceſſarily attach to it that character, the innate ſplendour and value of which reflects brightneſs on the moſt diſtinguiſhed appointment; whoſe worth is incapable of material diminution, from the humbleſt ſituation; and whoſe firmneſs, calculated to bear even the ſevereſt ardour of perſecution with the moſt admirable fortitude, emulates the diamond, that endures, unimpaired in value, the moſt extreme heat of fire.

But, leſt the diamond ſhould ſeem to preſent us with too perfect a character for the ſphere of morality, it may be requiſite to examine it's weak ſide. Like the moſt ſuperlative characters in life, it has it's flaws; and there is a poſſibility of debaſing it ſo far, as to render it abſolutely worthleſs. If thrown into cold water immediately on being extracted from a fierce fire, in which it has laid till thoroughly heated; it is ſaid to ſeparate into thin pieces, reſembling talc, and to be equally deficient in traſparency: juſt as the moſt virtuous man, after nobly undergoing the moſt violent perſecution, may be ſo far ſeduced by the flattery of the world, of which water, as the emblem of deceit, is here to be conſidered the type, as to be ſubjugated

jugated by degeneracy; and have his genuine glory and merit entirely obliterated.

There are many other mineral productions equally ſuſceptible of application; but, having already procured ſufficient to convey a general idea, I ſhall conclude my metaphor, by averring the wit to have originally ſprung from *quickſilver*; the critick from the *touch-ſtone*, on which the qualities of metals are tried; and the good divine from the *magnet*, or *loadſtone*, as ſtill leading to the grand point, by it's irreſiſtible power of attraction. Beauty may, perhaps, profeſs itſelf an emanation; and, if it be that *real* beauty, which ariſes from virtue and genuine modeſty; combined with an eaſy and affable carriage; the claim muſt not be diſavowed: but if merely that which is compoſed of a fine form, poliſhed ſkin, white teeth, and regular features, unaided by mental graces; I boldly affirm ſuch meretricious charmers; with the whole ſwarm of falſe wits, beaux, coquettes, and other trifling and indeſcribable human inſects; to be generated from counterfeit gems, variegated ſhells and pebbles; together with the extenſive collection of ſtrange and unaccountable petrefactions, aberrations and monſtroſities of nature, ſo frequently met with by every curious reſearcher. I muſt not, however, unite with the cruelty and injuſtice of the world, by neglecting that reſpectable and ſelect claſs of ſociety, the Old Maids —who are ſo indeed—and whom I feel inclined to derive from that rare and very curious natural production, the *aſbeſtos:* which, though of a texture delicate in the extreme, remains unconſumed amidſt the fierceſt fire; yet, does not appear in the ſmalleſt degree uſeful to ſociety; more, perhaps, from man's want of penetration to diſcocover and apply it's valuable qualitites, than from any inherent defect of it's own.

An inſtructive moral may be deduced from this allegory. Had the world been actually repeopled in the manner related by Ovid, and the conſequences proved ſuch as I have juſt repreſented, there would then have been ſome degree of conſiſtency in one man's conceiving himſelf naturally ſuperior to another; and, conſequently, ſome excuſe for pride. The offspring of a jewel might reaſonably have concluded himſelf of more conſequence than any metalick production whatever; and the ſeveral branches of the va-

rious

rious metals, and other natural productions of the earth, have valued themſelves in proportion to the purity of their parental qualities; or the degrees of eſtimation imputed to them as more or leſs beneficial to mankind.

But as all were, in reality, originally formed from the ſame ſubſtance, mere earth; how ludicrous is it for any individual to appear inflated with ideas of conſcious ſelf-importance, and abſurdly imagine themſelves ſomething ſuperior to the general ſtandard of mortality! The moſt minute and inſignificant object in creation has a purpoſe aſſigned it, and an effect to accompliſh; and, undoubtedly, every human being has ſome peculiar advantage, or qualification, by which he may render himſelf uſeful to ſociety. He, therefore, that improves the talent given; and, exerciſing it for general benefit, renders to the community the duty that he owes it from the nature of a ſocial compact, is, in the eye of reaſon, on an equal footing with it's worthieſt members: for true greatneſs is not implicated in any particularity of ſtation; but conſiſts in the manner of diſcharging the delegated truſt, and in the degree contributed towards the publick welfare. None, in fact, can juſtly be denominated mean, but the churliſh, the ſenſual, and the ſlothful.

CHARITY.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

IN Virtue's plain, where many a ſtream doth glide,
Full richly fed, from Pleaſure, fountain fair!
Doth ev'ry ſpring of happineſs abide;
And many a fane it's head exalteth there,
Where virtues dwell; of Virtue children all,
And as the parent we the offspring call.

There doth Contentment greet the wand'ring eye;
Unſpotted Chaſtity, of modeſt mien;
And ſober Temp'rance; meek Humility;
And many mo, whoſe titles fair, I ween,
And goodly deeds, in Virtue's page, with care,
For imitation, all enrolled are.

But,

But, chief of all, there dwelleth *Charity*;
Withouten whom none Virtue's preſence find;
Who elſe attempt them Self-ſecurity
Still intercepteth; he a power unkind!
And near the fane he ſkulks to ſeize on all
Who turn a deafen'd ear when Charity doth call.

And woe betide all whom he ſeizeth on!
From Virtue's plain he them conveyeth far;
Before their eyes impervious miſts are thrown;
And haughty pride conducteth them to where,
Deſtruction hight, a horrid pit there been;
And down they fall, and never mo are ſeen!

In other's good doth Charity rejoice;
Supporting hapleſs offspring not her own;
Prompt at the call of Miſery's falt'ring voice;
And ever trying to allay the moan
Of guilty breaſt; by ev'ry ſoothing art,
Inſtilling hope to heal the broken heart.

If Envy ever, with baſe Scandal join'd,
Doth try her gen'rous actions to bewray,
She ſmileth pardon; conſcious that her mind
To deeds unſeemly never did give way;
And then in tender pity doth ſhe ſigh,
That ſuch there are who deal thus ſpitefully.

If, by a pow'r ſuperior e'er oppreſs'd,
Her deadlieſt foe in thraldom chance to fall,
Again doth pity actuate her breaſt,
And his unkindneſs ſhe forgetteth all;
His ſad condition cauſeth her much pain,
Nor doth ſhe reſt till ſhe his freedom gain.

If when ſhe, forc'd, contendeth with a foe—
And foes, Heaven knoweth, ſhe hath not a few—
She him o'ercome, and all his arts o'erthrow,
Her 'vantage ne'er to fartheſt doth purſue;
But kindly ſpareth; holding it to be
A crime to cruſh a fallen enemy.

Ah!

Ah! may ne Self-ſecurity my way
With miſts too ſurely fatal e'er obſcure;
But gentle Charity my boſom ſway;
That I in Virtue's palace may ſecure
A fair reception; and avoid the fate
Which all her foes doth, certes, aye, await!

ALI AND ORASMIN;

OR, THE EFFECTS OF ENVY.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

WHEN Muley Muſtapha ſwayed the Ottoman Empire, lived Ali and Oraſmin, ſons of two moſt eminent Lords in the court of Amurath his father: they were born on the ſame day; had been companions from infancy; contemplated together the ſtupendous beauties of Nature; ſcrutinized the complicated labyrinths of Knowledge; cultivated the heroick diſcipline of War; and courted the irreſiſtible Graces calculated to meliorate the ruggedneſs of the ſoldier, and familiarize the pedantick ſtiffneſs of the ſcholar; poliſh the invaluable precepts of Wiſdom, and make even Virtue's ſelf more divine. It was determined at their births, by the Genii of Excellence, that Ali ſhould ſurpaſs Oraſmin in beauty of perſon, ſtrength of body, and vigour of mind; and, though the latter apparently poſſeſſed all the candour and generoſity of the former, he was in reality ſubtle and ſelfiſh; jealous of merit, and impatient of ſuperiority: yet the ſacred zone of friendſhip was mutually exchanged between them, and they were the ſole confidants of each other.

A ſoil ſo ungrateful as the breaſt of Oraſmin was little propitious to the ſeeds of amity; eſpecially as increaſing maturity confirmed proportionately the unkind bias of nature. In all their emulatory exerciſes, the wreath of victory was the boon of Ali, who wore it with the moſt conciliating demeanour: but nothing could reconcile Oraſmin to repeated diſappointment; continual defeat increaſed his chagrin; his friendſhip daily ſubſided; he had recourſe

recourſe to ſtratagem for triumph, but the reſult was ever accumulated mortification; till, at length, envy took poſſeſſion of his breaſt, and was by a moſt important occurrence ſublimed into a deſire of revenge.

Of Amine, the beautiful and virtuous daughter of the Vizier Omar, they were both enamoured; and both ſought her affections, though unknown to each other: but the taliſman of Fortune was in the hand of Ali; and, by conſent of the vizier, the cadi drew up the contract of union between them. Oraſmin attended the celebration of his friend's nuptials; but, while he prayed aloud that Alla might ſhower down innumerable bleſſings on his head, he curſed him in his heart, and from that moment meditated his deſtruction. But his reſentment he veiled under the garb of extreme ſolicitude; and, while on his lips dwelt the melliſluous accents of diſintereſted profeſſion, the deadly gall of hatred rankled in his ſoul. Lo! to the eye, how beautiful appears the ſerpent of the deſart; yet in his mouth is inſerted a barbed ſting, and under his tongue is collected the dark beverage of death!

Oraſmin, now ſtedfaſt in his hate, waited with the utmoſt anxiety for a favourable moment to effect his monſtrous purpoſes on his rival, as the tawny lion of Africa watches an opportunity to ſpring on his prey: but the hopes of the envious were vain; the conduct of Ali put Scandal to ſhame, and bade defiance to the machinations of Malice.

The pure bliſs which the new-married couple enjoyed, was in the fulneſs of time heightened extremely by the birth of a ſon: but it is written in the ample book of Nature—"That the faireſt bloſſom ſhall be blighted, and the green leaf ſhall not laſt for ever;" and, in the unutterable volume of Deſtiny, that—"The aſpect of human happineſs is deceitful as the complexion of the ſky; and that the exquiſite ſeaſon of enjoyment flees away on the light pinions of impatience." The ſon of Amine was ſtolen from his nurſe; and the houſe of Ali, from being the manſion of ſupreme felicity, became, on a ſudden, the dwelling of anguiſh, and the haunt of deſpair.

An hundred moons had revolved, and Ali and Amine heard not of their firſt-born; neither did the all-wiſe Alla think fit to ſupply his place by another. At length, Ali was

was diſpatched on an expedition againſt the enemies of the faithful; and Oraſmin had the mortification to ſerve under him, as ſecond in command. He reſolved to thwart him all he could inſidiouſly: and, by a well-concerted ſtratagem, and moſt conſummate addreſs, made ſo grand a diverſion in favour of the foe, that the Muſſulmen were not only defeated; but, apparently to the whole army, through the imbecility of the commander in chief, who narrowly eſcaped being made priſoner.

The ſagacious Ali, however, though he little ſuſpected the treachery of Oraſmin, knew well where the blame lay; yet, rather than his friend ſhould ſuffer, nobly choſe to keep ſilence, and himſelf bear the whole weight of the Sultan's diſpleaſure. The perfidious Oraſmin, internally rejoicing at the effect of his art, with the greateſt pleaſure received the news, that the generous Ali was baniſhed his ſovereign's preſence, and had retired to hide his ſhame far from the royal city. Time, however, and the intereſt of Omar, once more reſtored Ali to Muſtapha's favour: he was entruſted, in a full divan, with an embaſſy to the Chriſtian ſtates; and returned, after having concluded his miſſion in the moſt honourable manner. But it ſhould ſeem that the Genii of Proſperity had reſigned his deſtiny to the Spirits of Malediction; the ſublime ſatisfaction he received from the approving ſmiles of his royal maſter, were blaſted by the intelligence that Amine, the wife of his boſom, was no more! At his departure, ſhe had retired to a houſe which he poſſeſſed by the ſea-ſhore; and it was her cuſtom every evening to ramble among the rocks, as if to look for his return, from one of theſe excurſions ſhe never returned; and her attendants concluded that ſhe muſt have been drowned. Ali was diſtracted at the information, and flew from ſociety to bury his grief in ſympathizing ſolitude. In the mean time, partly through ſorrowing for his daughter, and partly through the dilapidations of time, the venerable Omar reſigned his ſeat of mortality; and Oraſmin, by mere intrigue, obtained the poſt of temporary Vizier; as Muſtapha had proclaimed, that no one ſhould be confirmed in it, but he who ſhould perform an action worthy of ſuch a reward.

Oraſmin, however, through the moſt refined artifice, had almoſt induced the Sultan to perpetuate his claim to the viziership;

vizierſhip; when Nadar Iſmoul, with a formidable army, approached, with all the inſolence of a rebel, within two day's march of the royal capital. The voice of rebellion pierced the receſſes of grief; and Ali, rouzed from his deſponding lethargy by the imminent danger of his country, haſtened to court; and, throwing himſelf at the Sultan's feet, entreated leave to march againſt Nadar, and retrieve his former diſhonour. Muley readily complied; and Ali took the field with a leſs, but a much better diſciplined army than that of Nadar: victory ſtrode before him; the deluded forces of the traitor threw down their arms, but it was the will of Alla that their leader ſhould eſcape.

The acclamations of thouſands proclaimed the honourable return of Ali; and Oraſmin, making a virtue of neceſſity, was the firſt to declare him worthy of the vizierſhip. He at firſt heſitated to accept it, for the memory of Amine had eſtranged his heart from ſociety; but, reflecting that man was not made for himſelf, and that he who ſlights the power of doing good, is an enemy to human nature, he received it at the hands of his gracious ſovereign with the moſt zealous and heart-felt profeſſions of gratitude. The torments of Oraſmin increaſed daily; and, though he obſerved the moſt marked attention to his rival outwardly, the dark projects of revenge continually abſorbed his mind. An orphan, who from earlieſt infancy had been under his protection, loved, and was beloved by his daughter: he had long noticed it, but concealed that knowledge. One day, when the lovers were enjoying, as they thought, the bliſſes of ſecurity, he ſurprized them, and with a ſtern frown bade Ibrahim follow him. They entered a private apartment; when Oraſmin, ſeating himſelf, thus addreſſed the youth, who ſtood trembling before him—"Ibrahim, when the Angel of Death deprived thee of thy parents, and the Angel of Adverſity deſtroyed the fortunes of thine houſe, thou waſt inſenſible of thy loſs. Thy father had been my moſt intimate friend, and I took thee under my protection. I have been to thee as a father, and thou haſt been profuſe in profeſſions of gratitude; but it is by deeds alone that we can judge of the ſincerity of the heart, and Oraſmin now finds it neceſſary to put thy gratitude to trial." Then, giving him a letter, bade him read it;

which the terrified Ibrahim immediately opening, found to contain these words—

"Ali Mahomet, to his esteemed friend, Nadar Ismoul; greeting, health and happiness! To the tyrant Mustapha despair and death! The plan of thy defeat was well managed; the credulous Muley is compleatly deceived, and has made me Vizier: he little dreams that he has put himself into the power of his most implacable enemy. I dispatch this by a trusty messenger; by whom, from time to time, I shall communicate to thee what steps thou art to take. At present, keep still where thou art; and I hope soon to call thee from thy hiding-place; to share with me the empire of the usurping Othmans. Thine, in all the ardour of sincerity,

"ALI MAHOMET."

"Among the talents thou possessest," continued Orasmin, "thou hast that of imitating, beyond the possibility of detection, the most difficult hand-writing; transcribe, then, that letter in the characters of Ali our vizier, specimens of which I shall give thee; and, if thou succedest to my wish, the hand of my daughter Almeria, whom thou lovest, shall be thine." The agitation of surprize which possessed the youthful Ibrahim, left him not words to reply: he stammered a few incoherent words; when Orasmin, drawing his scymitar, cried—"I am not to be trifled with! to the task this moment; or, by the head of Mahomet, thou shalt follow the shade of thy father! But, I again repeat it, if thou pleasest me, Almeria shall be thine to-morrow."

Flattered by the hopes of possessing Almeria, but more through fear at the threats of Orasmin, Ibrahim sat down, without a thought of the consequences which might ensue, to imitate the treasonous scroll. The monster who compelled him to the action, was delighted with his performance: and calling for sherbet, he drank, telling Ibrahim to pledge him; then, bidding him good night with a sarcastical smile, and securing the door when he went, left him in a most painful reverie.

Repairing to the walls of the seraglio, he entered by a private passage, through which the Emperor always passed when wont to survey the royal city in disguise; and which by having been vizier, he was well acquainted with: and having, while in office, procured false keys to the various doors,

doors, he eaſily found admiſſion to the ſecret audience-chamber, where none but the vizier can enter on pain of death without permiſſion of the Sultan; and, there leaving the letter, he returned to his houſe, exulting in the hope that Muſtapha would diſcover it, when he retired there alone, as was his cuſtom every night, to inſpect ſuch diſpatches as the vizier in the day prepared for his approbation: truſting the ſucceſs of his plan on the extreme credulity and impetuoſity of that monarch, which hurried him into actions that provided him the moſt ſevere repentance for his moments of reflection.

The event juſtified his moſt ſanguine expectations; and, before the firſt watch of the night was paſſed, a haſty meſſenger ſummoned him to a ſecret audience in the palace. The Sultan preſented him with the letter; he read it, and appeared petrified with aſtoniſhment; compared the writing with ſome of Ali's he had purpoſely brought with him, to ſatisfy himſelf of it's identity; then, bemoaning the defalcation of his friend, in accents of the moſt artfully counterfeited grief, and after an apparent ſtruggle between duty and friendſhip—"Glory," ſaid he, "to God and his prophet! Long life to the Commander of the Faithful! and deſtruction to his enemies! The profound duty every Muſſulman owes to the vicegerent of Alla, obliges me to diſpenſe with the ſcruples of an ill-placed friendſhip; and declare, that the conduct of Ali has long appeared to me as involved in the veil of myſtery: the plauſible manner in which he has ever demeaned himſelf, I have diſcovered, beyond a doubt, has been only a lure for popularity; too ardent a love for which is a certain criterion of unwarrantable ambition.

"I once had the mortification to witneſs the ſhameful defeat of the Ottoman arms, under his command; I had then many reaſons to ſuſpect treachery: but the implicit confidence I, with the empire at large, put in him, made me diſcredit my own ſenſes; and it was the ſame infatuation which induced me to be the foremoſt in declaring him the moſt eligible for the vizierſhip, when returned from meeting the rebel Iſmoul. Yet, when I reflect, in ſober reaſon, on the nature of that action, and behold the inſurgents, though greatly ſuperior in force, throwing down their arms almoſt without the ſhadow of reſiſtance; and

their leader ſuffered to eſcape; it impreſſes me as a ſtrong confirmation of the authenticity of this newly-diſcovered inſtrument of treaſon."—"Thou art right, Oraſmin," interrupted the enraged Muſtapha: "convey him inſtantly to a dungeon; and to-morrow's ſun ſhall behold inflicted on him the reward of his treachery!"—"Will it pleaſe the gracious emblem of Alla," replied Oraſmin, "to liſten a moment longer, without anger, to his ſlave; while he offers, as Alla himſelf can witneſs, the counſel only dictated by that unſhaken attachment ever evinced by his houſe to the renowned family of the Othmans?"—"Speak on, and fear not," returned Muſtapha. Oraſmin proceeded—"Thou knoweſt well, O glory of thy race! that Ali is the idol of the deluded multitude; and, ſhould they behold him going forth to execution, what deſperate ſteps may not their blind attachment induce them to take for his preſervation? And a commotion once begun, as we know not how far the treaſon has ſpread, may encourage hundreds of accomplices in the guilt to come forward; and, led by Nadar, who doubtleſs is at hand, induce the populace to join the compact of treaſon, releaſe Ali, and ſhake, perhaps, even the foundation of the Ottoman throne? Let policy, then, bid Juſtice ſtrike this night; ſo, the root of the confederacy being cut away, the branches ſhall neceſſarily wither; and, when to-morrow's ſun ſhall expoſe the traitor's head, branded with his crime, to the trembling people, thy ſubjects ſhall be more firmly fixed in their obedience—taught by the aweful leſſon, that the moſt exalted enemies of Muſtapha are the fated victims of deſtruction!" He ceaſed. "By Mahomet! I ſwear," rejoins the Sultan, "thy reaſons are juſt! See him inſtantly diſpatched! Be this," preſenting his ring, "thy warrant. Be gone!" Oraſmin wanted not urging: he ſeized Ali; but appeared not before him, till he beheld him extended on the floor of a loathſome dungeon, ſecured by the pondrous manacles of injuſtice. On entering, having ordered the guard to withdraw—"Mahomet," ſaid he, "is it my noble friend Ali I am commiſſioned to guard? Can any wretch have accuſed thee of a crime meriting ſuch diſhonour! thou, whoſe name ſcandal had not even dared to prophane? Alas! my friend! where will Oppreſſion finiſh his career!"—"I know not, my dear Oraſmin!" replied the

the injured Ali, half raiſing himſelf, "my crime, nor mine accuſer: innocence, however, is my ſupport; and, while thou art my gaoler, I ſhall find pleaſure even in a priſon!"—"Generous, noble Ali!" rejoined the brute, "what is it I do not feel for thee! Yet it were unkind to keep thee in ſuſpenſe. Know, then, that the abandoned wretch, who was the occaſion of the foul diſgrace thou endureſt, is no other than thy dear, thy beloved friend, Oraſmin!"—"Oraſmin! Oraſmin!" with an accent of doubting horror, enquired the victim. "Yes!" returned the fiend, "*thy* Oraſmin!" Ali ſunk down ſenſeleſs. On his recovering, Oraſmin continued—"From the hour that early youth ſubmitted me to the ſcourgings of a pedagogue, thou haſt been my rival, and the name of Oraſmin has ſhrunk before that of Ali. Thinkeſt thou, that I could have a ſpirit, and bear it? No! the childiſh weakneſſes of friendſhip I ſoon got rid of; and, from the moment thou deprivedſt me of all hope of poſſeſſing the ſorcereſs Amine, I determined on a revenge—not a common revenge; that was always at hand—I waited with all the patience of deliberate malignance, for a revenge worthy my hatred; and I have obtained it! I have accuſed thee of treaſon; and, behold, this ring is my warrant for thy private murder! Murder! I ſay; for—O it delights my ſoul to pronounce it—thou art innocent!"—"And muſt I die innocent?" exclaimed the devoted Ali. "Yet thy will, O Alla! be done. What more have I to wiſh for on earth? I have loſt my friend, my wife, and my child!"—"Friend," interrupted Oraſmin, "thou never hadſt! Thy wife and child——But, hold!—I came to torment, not to ſatisfy thee!"—"Oh! Oraſmin, what a conflict haſt thou raiſed in my boſom! My wife and child! knoweſt thou any thing of them?" Oraſmin ſmiled contemptuouſly, "Speak, only ſay if thou knoweſt ought of them!"—"I will ſay nothing," replied he; "uncertainty will increaſe thy pangs. Prepare for death!—Slaves!" The door of the dungeon burſt open, and preſented to their view Muſtapha, Ibrahim, and Amine! "Secure that fiend!" cried the Sultan; and inſtantly Oraſmin was loaded with chains. Ali and Amine were lying ſenſeleſs in each other's arms; Oraſmin aſſumed a deſperate ſullenneſs; the Sultan and Ibrahim ſurveyed the whole in ſilence. "Alla! Alla!

Allla! Alla!" repeated the reviving Ali; "thou art merciful! thou art merciful!"—"My dear lord," interrupted Amine, "dreary have been the hours ſince we parted! O hear my juſtification! While walking by the ſea-ſide, a band of men, maſked, beſet me; and, forcing me on a horſe, carried me, blinfolded, I knew not where; for, when ſuffered to remove the bandage, I was alone in a mean, gloomy apartment, the door of which was ſecured. There have I remained, in vain lamenting my fate; ignorant of my oppreſſor; and ſeeing no one except a ſlave, who put my food through a lattice daily, but never ſpoke; till this night I heard the voice of Oraſmin in a tone of threatening. I liſtened; and diſcovered, that he was compelling that generous youth, Ibrahim, to write a treaſonous letter in characters like yours. When I found Oraſmin was gone, I entreated the youth to liberate me: inſtantly he opened a door into my apartment, ſo artfully contrived, that I had never before obſerved it. I told him who I was, and begged him again to deliver me. He was ſhocked; confirmed what I had over-heard, and promiſed to protect me. He diſcovered, with indignation, that he himſelf was alſo priſoner. After a long deliberation, and many fruitleſs attempts to force the door, at the peril of our lives, we eſcaped by a window into the garden. Here we had freſh difficulties to encounter, and the fourth watch paſſed before we were quite at liberty.

"We ſoon learned that you was impriſoned. Flying to the palace, our gracious Sultan admitted us to an audience, when we convinced him of the villainy of thy falſe friend."—"And, behold me," interrupted the Sultan, "ready to do thee juſtice, Ali; and inflict on that wretch the puniſhment which he had prepared for thee! for, by Alla's ſelf I ſwear, this night is his laſt!"—"My fate is juſt!" ſaid Oraſmin, in a tone of penitence. "But, before I die, let me make what reparation is in my power to the man I have injured. Behold, Ali, in Ibrahim, I reſtore thee thy long-loſt ſon!" Extreme was the aſtoniſhment of all; and the rapture of Ali and Amine induced them to kneel for a pardon for the culprit. "Aſk not a pardon," ſaid Oraſmin, "which muſt ſoon be repented! I ſtole thy child ſolely for the purpoſes of revenge; though fortune, never till now, gave me an opportunity of making uſe of him equal to my wiſhes; and,

and, to make him the ſource of his father's death, was a ſtroke worthy the nobleſt policy of vengeance. Thou haſt eſcaped me; but, to give him thus kindly, were an inequality of ſoul, poor indeed! No; I have pangs for thee yet in ſtore, the thought of which makes the contemplation of death and tortures pleaſant to me. I only revealed him to thee to make thee feel the curſes of laſting ſeparation. The mother once diſdained the offer I made of my hand; it was my intention, therefore, to have kept her ignorant of her perſecutor, languiſhing till grief and deſpair removed her from my reach: but the boy had anſwered the end I deſigned him for: I wanted him no more; and, at liberty, he might have betrayed me. For ſecurity, I gave him poiſon in ſherbet; and thought, even had he got free, ſo ſtrong it was, that it would have worked faſter than his conſcience!"—"The vengeance be on thine own head!" cried Ibrahim; "for it was thyſelf who drank the poiſon. I ſaw thee drop ſomething in the draught intended for me; and, unſeen by thee, changed the cups."

"I feel it! I feel it!" exclaimed the frantick Oraſmin. "Curſe on thee, Mahomet! thou haſt fruſtrated all!"—"Hence with him!" ſaid Muſtapha; and then led Ali, Amine, and Ibrahim, out of the priſon. By permiſſion of the Sultan, Ibrahim was united to Almeria; and the participation of her huſband's honours, who was reſtored to his vizierſhip, amply recompenced Amine for all her ſorrows.

An exemplary inſtance of gratitude towards Alla and the Sultan—towards the latter, by faithful counſel, and ſteady attachment to his intereſt; and, towards the former, by an uniform courſe of piety, and a conſcientious diſpenſation of juſtice and benevolence to his fellow ſubjects—Ali lived long, beloved, and happy. As it is written in the ſacred tablets of Truth—"The righteous ſhall dwell in the tents of gladneſs, and the merciful in the gardens of peace: while the wicked ſhall be covered with ſhame; and the envious man ſhall be conſumed in the fire which he kindleth for his neighbour."

THE

DEPARTURE OF THE YEAR.

—WHITHER ſo faſt?—to woo thy longer ſtay,
Impatient Year! the warmeſt pray'rs we'll try:
Vain are our wiſhes, and in vain we pray—
Unkindly, Time! ah, why ſo bent to fly?

Quick, bring the flute, and breathe a melting air,
Lull the fleet greybeard with the charm divine:
Alas, how callous! he betrays no care,
Nor will one moment to the ſtrain incline!

Strike up the pipe, the tabor, and the dance;
We'll lure him back with ſprightlineſs and joy!—
See, ſee! he faſter flies, nor deigns a glance;
But mocks our hope, and pities our employ!

"Let the churl go!" cries Folly, with a ſtare;
"Blame not, but rather urge him on, his flight:
Time, when he's tardy, ſaddles us with care,
And Care deſtroys life's principle, delight."—

Delight?—I wrong thee, or thou mean'ſt, Exceſs;
There all thy hope, thy deareſt joy, is plac'd!"—
Go, vacant dolt!—be frank, for once confeſs,
That horrors haunt thee, and that fevers waſte.

Delight's the genuine temper of the ſoul,
That Honour faſhions, and Temptation proves;
How unlike thine, that ſtoops to the controul
Of ſenſual Meanneſs, and the bondage loves!

Know, that the Year, whoſe flight thou hold'ſt in ſcorn,
Gone to the records of eternal fate,
Swells thoſe memorials for the laſt, dread, morn,
With all that honour'd or diſgrac'd it's date.

Could'ſt thou behold the tale of Infamy,
Gone from thy mind, but branding there thy name;
Thou'd'ſt ſeek to hide thee—from thyſelf, to fly—
Loſt as thou art, to honour, and to ſhame!

To

To thee is giv'n to greet the riſing year;
Haply, not thine to witneſs it's decay:
At Heav'n's juſt bar, ere that, thou may'ſt appear,
The dreadful forfeit of thy crimes to pay.

Then ſeize the moment in the power of Hope;
Lo! the deſtroying angel's on his courſe:—
Haſten, ere Juſtice take her aweful ſcope,
And, by Repentance, deprecate her force!

THE VISION OF HASSAN.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

HASSAN, the merchant, having, through the favour of Alla, and an unexampled induſtry, accumulated an immenſe fortune, in the prime of life, declined the fatigues of commerce for the luxury of ſplendor, and the enjoyment of eaſe.

His palace ſeemed the ſeat of enchantment; his haram was filled with the choiceſt beauties, and his banquets were worthy a potentate. The ſounds of muſick and dancing were continually heard in his hall; all who came were welcome; and the reſidence of Haſſan was ſignalized by the appellation of the *Manſion of Hoſpitality*. Every one bowed as he paſſed; his name was celebrated in ſongs; and the prayers of the poor were continually offered up for his welfare. Every thing about him wore the appearance of felicity; his ſuperiors courted him; his equals flattered and envied him; and his inferiors ſought his patronage, in preference to that of princes. All were aſtoniſhed at his magnificence, and all united in pronouncing him *happy*.

But Haſſan was an inſtance, that the eſtimates of mortals are generally erroneous. On a ſudden, an extreme languor poſſeſſed him. He found not pleaſure among his women; retired from the banquet diſguſted; and heard the voice of adulation unmoved. Muſick could no longer lull him to repoſe; he was abſent by day, and reſtleſs by night. In vain he affected the alacrity of cheartulneſs; for his

his countenance diſplayed the ſettled gloom of melancholy and diſſatisfaction.

In this diſpoſition of mind, reclined on his ſofa, he was ruminating on the uncertainty and ſubtlety of happineſs; when he was alarmed by a violent clap of thunder, and in a moment a ſupernatural Form ſtood before him.

"Haſſan," ſaid the Spirit, in an encouraging tone, "attend! I am the Genius of Inſtruction; the bountiful and omniſcient Alla has ſeen thy diſſatisfaction, and has permitted me to direct thee in thy ſearch after happineſs. Mark well what is before thee!"

A plain, bordered on each ſide by a thick wood, and enchantingly diverſified with fruit-trees and flowers, was extended to his view; ſo large, that a temple at the farther end was ſcarcely diſcernible, to which a numerous quantity of children, who inſtantly made their appearance, were directed by a venerable perſonage; and warned againſt turning out of the path, or ſtopping by the way, excepting to refreſh themſelves with the fruits or flowers growing immediately on it's borders; which they were allowed to do, as the journey was long and alſo fatiguing, in conſequence of bogs and brambles frequently obſtructing the way.

The majority, however, inſtead of attending to the injunction, diſperſed at random over the plain, amuſing themſelves with juvenile ſports; ſome too gathered noſegays, while others culled the moſt beautiful flowers to ornament their hair; and ſome greedily devoured the various fruits, while others filled their pockets with them. Many, nevertheleſs, ſeemed to obey the command given them. But the greater part of theſe were ſeduced from the path, at various ſtages of the journey: ſome, to go over to former companions; others, attracted by the luxuriant appearance of ſome particular ſpecies of fruit, or the variegated tints of a glaring flower; and few, indeed, were they who reached the temple. Theſe had ſcarcely entered, when from the two woods ruſhed out a large troop of beaſts of prey, while the air darkened with innumerable deſcending vultures and every other deſcription of carnivorous birds. They immediately attacked the juvenile multitude; who, defenceleſs as they all were, fled every way to avoid them. A few took refuge in a miſerable hovel,

hovel, on the right ſide of the plain; and many ſought the woods, whither they were inſtantly purſued. Of thoſe who could not eſcape, ſome were left dead on the plain; others ſhockingly mangled, on whom the birds and ſmaller beaſts began immediately to glut their carnivorous appetites, while the larger beaſts dragged their unfortunate victims into the woods, to devour them, at leiſure, in their dens.

"What means," exclaimed the aſtoniſhed Haſſan, "the ſcene before me?"—"What thou haſt ſeen," replied the Genius, "is a picture of human life; the plain is the world, and the children are it's inhabitants. The temple, to which they were directed by the ſage, Wiſdom, is that of Virtue, the only reſidence of Happineſs; and the Hovel, from whence there is a ſubterraneous paſſage into the temple, the abode of Repentance. Happineſs is the univerſal hope of mankind; yet, like the little children who diſobeyed the command given them, they perverſely ſeek it in the rounds of folly, and the gratification of ſenſe; thence the various cares and diſeaſes, repreſented by the birds and beaſts of prey; which render life a burden to ſome, deſtroy it in others, and impel many to wander in the horrid woods of madneſs and deſpair. Such has been thy purſuit after happineſs. Thine induſtry was prompted by the hope of gain, and the deſire of riches, for the purpoſes of ſenſuality; vanity has made thee profuſe, and thou haſt extended thy patronage to obtain the deſpicable incenſe of ſervile adulation. The countenance of princes, and the homage of the herd, at firſt inflated thy little mind; and novelty made thee experience a deceitful ſatisfaction. But the charm is removed! thy ſenſes are palled with exceſs; adulation is become familiar; and thou haſt reaped nothing from the company of the great, but the envy of thoſe with whom it was thy intereſt to have preſerved a confidence. Thou haſt flatterers without friends, and plenty without enjoyment; hence melancholy lours on thy countenance, and diſcontent preys on thy heart. Know, then, whatever is undertaken, without a view of promoting the intereſts of virtue, muſt neceſſarily end in diſappointment and chagrin. Such is the moral to be drawn from the ſcene thou haſt contemplated. Be wiſe, obſerve it, and be happy."

Here the Genius withdrew, in a blaze of effulgence; and the

the ſun-beams, at that moment playing on the eyes of Haſſan, awaked him from his profitable viſion.

He proſtrated himſelf in grateful adoration before the indulgent Alla; conformed his life to the precepts of the Genius; and enjoyed, to a good age, the felicity which he had been told it would produce, and which will ſeldom or never fail to reſult from an uniform adherence to ſimilar purſuits.

EASTER ANTHEM.

WHEN Iſrael's Pſalmiſt felt the fire
That Iſrael's God was wont inſpire
Within his duteous breaſt,
The royal lyriſt tun'd his lays,
And in the nobleſt themes of praiſe,
His gratitude expreſs'd.

Iſrael in bondage, firſt, with grief,
He ſung, and hopeleſs of relief;
But quickly chang'd the ſtrain:
And, as he ſung, the God ador'd;
For, lo! he ſung, a land reſtor'd
To liberty again!

But, when he ſung the boon divine,
"The throne ſecur'd to Judah's line,"
How on the ſtrain he hung!
Till rapture ſwell'd his boſom high,
While gratitude ſuffus'd his eye,
And check'd his falt'ring tongue.

Such joy no ſelfiſh motive mov'd
In him, whom God ſo much approv'd;
For well he underſtood—
From Judah's race, with time's increaſe,
An HEIR ſhould riſe—that PRINCE of PEACE!
Who bought us with his blood.

If

If David could ſuch joy diſplay,
Reflecting on that glorious day
He vainly wiſh'd to know;
Bleſs'd with that day's all-ſaving ſight,
From us what accents of delight,
What ceaſeleſs ſtrains ſhould flow!

Oh! catch the lyre, and wake the ſtring;
A bounteous God, with David, ſing,
To death, for us, a prey:
And every voice in concert riſe,
With grateful rapture rend the ſkies,
Nor let the theme decay!

HAPPINESS

DEPENDENT ON CHEARFULNESS.

YE Spirits of Pity! turn hither your ſteps. Oh, balm-crowned Charity! attended by inſinuating Perſuaſion, infuſe the chearing oil of hope into the bitter cup which a miſtaken being has mingled for himſelf.

He has diſtilled wormwood for his beverage: Reaſon offered a ſweeter draught; but, with diſdain, he daſhed it down! Oh, teach him a brighter arbitrament!

Rugged and dumoſe are the paths of life; rendered ſo by the unkindly hand of Injuſtice: but why make them worſe by our own narrow conceptions? Would our ſouls but admit as enlarged a view of the beneficent Source of love as all nature continually diſplays for our obſervation, where would be our ſighs? Where that forbidding gloom, which ſeems to ſay—"Hence! every thing on which the ſmile of Peace is delineated; my dark ſoul has not room for ſuch gueſts—I want ye not. Horror is my companion, and Miſery the darling of my heart!" Alas! unhappy man, ariſe; forſake thy deadly ſlumber, and enjoy what Heaven has ſet before thee. Beſhrew! or rather repentance to, the unfeeling breaſt of him who would deride thy ſorrows! It were ill done to depreſs the already cowed

ſpirit; to fire upon the ſinking bark. I ſee thine eye raiſed with a look of humbleſt remonſtrance, but more efficacious than the ſevereſt reply. Our heavenly Maſter would not "break a bruiſed reed," why then ſhould we?

Behold, my brother! all nature wears the ſmile of gladneſs: the birds careleſsly chirp away the hours; they anticipate not the devaſtations of the murderous fowler. The herds and flocks contentedly graze on the hills, or frolick over the plains; all happy, though deſtined all to bleed. The flowery orders contribute their ſhare towards the delightful proſpect; vie with each other in diſplaying the moſt luxuriant beauties, and unite in delectably perfuming the circumambient air. The meaneſt herb, and moſt minute blade of graſs, glow with freſhneſs and animation. It is the ſtill voice of Gratitude, and the Almighty Creator regards them—will he not then regard thee? He ſupports the ſparrow, will he not then ſupport thee? "Thou art of more worth than many ſparrows." Yes, my friend, he has ſpread this ſcene for thy uſe: he is ever endeavouring to make thee happy; and is now at hand to raiſe thy deſponding heart, if thou wilt but requeſt it of him. Ah! thine eye brightens; that tear pleads for thee more than the moſt ſtudied form of words: it has ſoothed thy ſoul; thy brow is placid. Reſign thy melancholy weeds, and put on the decent garment of chearfulneſs. Courage! the roſe bloſſoms among thorns, and the berry grows amid brambles. Sweet, without occaſional bitter, would pall; trial enhances the value of eaſe, and affliction determines the exiſtence of bliſs.

The warmeſt thanks of mankind are due to thoſe who, to divert us from chagrin, are always turning the bright ſide of every proſpect towards us; and endeavouring to ſubſtitute the dimple of Chearfulneſs for the wrinkle of Care.

If ſuch have not the good wiſhes of thoſe they thus benefit, they have a better reward—that innate ſunſhine which virtuous hope ever inſpires.

Chearfulneſs is the balſam of life. Woe to the hypocrite, and underſtanding to the enthuſiaſt, who would deprive us of it's comforts! Mankind in general, however, bring it no ſmall diſcredit, by confounding it with Levity: but though, on a ſuperficial view, the latter may ſeem to poſſeſs

poſſeſs ſomething like a reſemblance to the former, on an unprejudiced examination, we ſhall find that they are both as oppoſite in characteriſtick as in effect; for the one is as baneful as the other is ſalutary.

Levity is the child of Indiſcretion, and the mother of Diſappointment: her eye ſparkles with intoxication, and the glow of her countenance is the diſhoneſt flush of exceſs; the ſmile of Delight ſoftens not her cheek, but the loud laugh of Inanity frequently diſtorts her features. She dreſſes herſelf in the gariſh ornaments of Art; her temperature is unequal as the complexion of April; and, though ſhe is always foremoſt in the dance, her heart generally heaves with the ſigh of regret. A ſtranger to reflection, ſhe ſtudies not conſequences; ſhe ſubſtitutes whim for taſte, and profuſion for liberality; her ſong has no moral, and her hope is unknown even to herſelf.

How delightfully contraſted a ſubject is Chearfulneſs! the daughter of Reaſon, the companion of Virtue, and the parent of Hope. Her eyes are beautiful as the tints of the morning: the ſoft Smiles are proud to ſteal kiſſes from her downy cheek; and the Loves miſtake her lips for the roſes of Hyola. Her mien poſſeſſes all the graces of the ſpring; and the theme of her ſong is the harveſt of Peace. Her cloathing is modeſt as the verdant mantle of Nature, woven by the dewy-fingered daughters of May: the Hours are ever gradually employed in weaving freſh chaplets for her brow, and in ſtrewing her way with the moſt delightful offerings of Flora. Health is at her right-hand, Œconomy on her left, and the Pleaſures ſupport her train.

Know, ye ſeekers of Happineſs, that the ineſtimable jewel is wholly in the poſſeſſion of Chearfulneſs, who received it from Virtue. Know, alſo, that her counterfeit, Levity, is ever lying in wait to deceive you; but it requires not the acute eye of profound Sagacity to detect the impoſtor. The frippery of the children of Folly ſhrinks from the inveſtigation of Reaſon; and the touch-ſtone of Common Senſe will quickly diſtinguiſh between the varniſhed baſeneſs of ſpecious Deceit, and the ſterling purity of unaſſuming Integrity.

ELLEN;

OR, THE FAIR INSANE.

"GENTLE ſtranger! haſt thou, pray,
Seen my Bertram in thy way?
Paſt the hour he mark'd to meet—
Seldom Love has tardy feet.

"Would, O would the youth were here!
Yet 'twill wrong his faith, to fear;
O, he's true; vain fears, be gone!
Bertram will be here anon.

"Then we'll trip to yonder to grove—
There he told me firſt his love;
And, when there, with kiſſes ſweet,
He'll the charming tale repeat!

"Fifty ways his fondneſs ſhew;
Braid my locks, and bind my brow:
Cull me flow'rs, or blythely play
Many a pretty roundelay.

"See this chaplet! this he wove——
Ah! how long delays my love!
Know'ſt thou, ſtranger, where he ſtrays?
Can'ſt thou tell me why he ſtays?

"He comes not——ah! I wiſh in vain—
Stranger, he'll not come again!
Dead, and gone, my Bertram's laid,
Where Ellen, too, muſt reſt her head!—

"Red, laſt night, the moon appear'd;
Twice the nightbird's ſcream I heard;
Thro' the grove, the nightingale
Told a ſad, ſad, piteous tale!

"Yes—I ſaw my true love there!
With no flow'rs he deck'd my hair—
Wherefore could his fondneſs fail?—
Told me not one tender tale.

"He

" He ne'er gave me kiſſes ſweet,
Nor e'en found kind word to greet!
But he wiſtful look'd, and wan;
Beckon'd me, and quick was gone!—

" Mark! the wreath he made is dead,
Ev'ry flow'ret hangs it's head:
But, tho' dead, to me 'tis dear——
Stranger, tell me, why that tear?

" Is thy true love loſt, like mine?
Come, I'll mingle tears with thine--
Ah! no—with grief, this long, long day,
Stranger, I've wept them all away!

" Have my ſorrows giv'n thee pain?—
Soon 'twill all be well again!
Spring reblooms, tho' winter blight;
Day ſucceeds the longeſt night.

" Pitieſt thou my hapleſs lot?——
Pity now availeth not!
Envy's arts poſſeſs'd the youth,
Ellen had betray'd his truth.

" Oh, I ſaw the deadly cup;
Why would Bertram drink all up!
None to leave me, was unkind—
Yet, I will not ſtay behind.

" If thou chance my knell to hear,
Stranger, kindly place my bier
Where my love——I faint—I'm ſpent—
Oh!—my heart—indeed, 'tis rent!

" ——Hiſt!—heard'ſt thou my love cry, " Come?"
Yes! 'tis he, he calls me home!
" Haſte!" he ſays—" I come," ſhe cried;
Then, wildly gazing, Ellen died!

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

THE majority of thoſe numerous literary trifles, aptly termed *Fragments*, are, like the generality of *broken pieces*, remarkable only for their diſjointed appearance, and jagged extremities. Fragments, in general, give one room to ſuppoſe that the writer could not produce a whole. Fifty can make a graceful bow, to one who can walk a tolerable minuet. A good fragment leaves the ſame impreſſion on our minds as we ſhould experience on finding a portion of any limb modelled by the chizel of Praxiteles—we long to ſee the whole figure.

It may be hence argued in favour of fragments, that as a ſingle limb, produced by ſuch an artiſt, is infinitely more eſtimable than a whole groupe of figures manufactured by a clumſy, unnatural workman; ſo an excellent fragment ſurpaſſes in worth volumes of the inſipid traſh, which, to the diſgrace of the preſent age, over-runs the preſs, and debaſes literature.

There is but one pure religion, but many different perſuaſions; and every one, thinking his own right, deſpiſes that of his neighbour. The ſame may be ſaid of taſte.

Between profeſſional atheiſts, and practical religioniſts, there exiſts, perhaps, little difference in numerical proportion.

Wit is to Wiſdom as the Aurora Borealis to the Sun; the former may amuſe us for a moment, but the latter lights us on our way.

How inſignificant a thing of itſelf is a wafer! yet, when appropriated to the uſe it was deſigned for, it is frequently the guardian of our moſt important ſecrets. The clergyman, as an individual endued with the ſame frailties as ourſelves, we pity—view him as the prieſt, and we look up to him as our guide to ſalvation.

Hope, in many caſes, acts like the evil ſpirit; preſenting us with alluring proſpects till the moment of trial, and then deſerting us when we moſt want ſupport.

Few people profeſs a contempt for riches; and of thoſe who do, but a very ſmall part know the nature of their profeſſions:

profeſſions: how very inconſiderable is the number of thoſe who really deſpiſe them!

There is generally more affectation than ſincerity in repeated declarations of contempt; we rarely think what we really deſpiſe worthy notice at all.

The famous declaration of Monſieur St. Evremond—"that the laſt ſighs of a handſome woman are more for the loſs of beauty than life," appears to me to contain more quaintneſs than truth; perhaps, more ill-nature than either.

Between a mere man of learning, and a man of ſenſe, there exiſts, probably, this difference—the former may be eſteemed as a porter laden with gold; the latter, as the proprietor of the burden.

Proſperity tries our ſtrength much better than adverſity: we faint ſooner with heat than cold.

Affability from a ſuperior generally inſpires us with the ſame kind of confidence as that produced by wine; an exceſs, in either caſe, makes us forget ourſelves.

Old proverbs, like old gold, may be clumſily manufactured; nevertheleſs, they are ſterling.

Honour is the road to Fame; Religion, to Heaven.

How ſtrangely ſituation alters the conſequence of any thing!

The blue ribband round Cowſlip the dairy-maid's cap is ſcarcely taken notice of; put it round his Grace of ———'s ſhoulders, and it will be the envy of half the kingdom.

The wiſe man's motto is—"*Multum in parvo*;" the fool's *vice verſa*.

An immoderate thirſt for praiſe, is a ſtrong indication of a weak man; yet a total inſenſibility of it, is no proof of a wiſe one.

The love of fame ſeems inherent with man; it is neceſſary to excite emulation, without which the world would ſtagnate. By colliſion of the flint and ſteel, we produce fire.

Our diſappointments are generally proportionate to our hopes. Prudence directs us, therefore, to circumſcribe the latter, if we would avoid the former.

The world confounds the ideas of Dignity and Pride; the

the firſt is the characteriſtick of Wiſdom, the laſt of Ignorance.

The roſe is a pretty emblem of Virtue: it flouriſhes in every ſoil, rich and poor; giving additional graces to the fertility of the one, and largely detracting from the ſterility of the other. So Virtue not only increaſes the brilliancy of the informed mind, but likewiſe gives a dignity to the moſt uncultivated, that Learning, with all her boaſt, could never yet beſtow. The roſe is ſtriking without gaudineſs, and delicate without tameneſs; as Virtue is humble without meanneſs, and noble without oſtentation. Though the ſmell of this flower is not eſteemed ſo exquiſitely poignant as that of many others; yet, while they ſoon pall, we return to the fragrance of the roſe with increaſing delight; and that fragrance charms us long after the frail tints of beauty are gone. So the reputation of Virtue exceeds that of the moſt refined accompliſhments, and exiſts long after death, for the benefit of ſurviving generations.

Indolence, to a man's conſtitution, is as fire put under water—it both enervates and inflames.

It were ridiculous to expect the female world to aſſume the ſolemnity of philoſophers; it would be putting—if I may uſe the expreſſion—the ſocial compact into mourning. Women were deſigned by Nature to be lively, but not trifling: there is a great deal of difference between a bird and a butterfly.

It is a very trite, but a very true obſervation, that the ſublimeſt ſpecimens of compoſition are to be found in the Bible; a ſtrong corroboration of it's Divine origin. Reflecting on the very ſhort time that our excellences remain on the memory of man, and *vice verſa*, an eminent writer, whoſe name does not immediately occur to me, remarks—"that mankind engrave our vices on braſs, but our virtues they write on the ſand of the ſea-ſhore." David ſays—"My bad deeds have men cut in the rock, but my good ones they write in the water." How obvious the ſuperiority!

Trifling ſubjects, written in a pompous diction, give me the idea of the mock parade of a puppet ſhow.

A profeſſed antiquarian may be ſtiled, though quaintly, the

the Evil Conſcience of Time; as continually reminding him of things which he would fain forget.

SOPHY LEFEVRE;

OR, THE POOR BLIND GIRL.

"PITY a poor blind girl!" expreſſed in one of thoſe tones of pathetick appeal, to which the miſer, muttering a grudge as he throws it, diſburſes his hoarded farthing, were the words which arreſted the haſty courſe of the young Harry Noble, towards the compting-houſe of his father, a merchant of family, in whom the authority of the parent was blended with the confidence of a friend; for he had the higheſt ſenſe of his ſon's merit; and that ſon, his only child, amply juſtified the opinion entertained of him.

The feelings of our youth, ſuſceptible of the moſt refined impreſſions of humanity, were ſo poignantly affected by the abrupt addreſs, that he ſtood for ſome minutes in mute contemplation of the object who uttered it. She was ſitting on the ſtep of a ſhop door; and, though in rags and barefooted, preſented a figure uncommonly intereſting. Her proportions ſeemed perfectly delicate: her long auburn hair, ſpreading over her ſhoulders, helped in ſome meaſure to veil that boſom, which a ſmall ſlip of dirty cotton but ill concealed; her eyes were cloſed, as if in gentle ſleep; and, though her cheek was pallid through want, her features were of that kind which immediately engage concern.

While he ſurveyed her, ſhe was unfeelingly reprehended for ſitting on her hard ſeat, by a coxcomb of a ſhopman, in Morocco ſlippers; who *purteſted nobody couldn't paſs* for her. "Empty fool! he could not have heard her appeal," cried Harry to himſelf; and, darting a look of warmeſt indignation at the fop, followed the meek petitioner; who, having begged pardon in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner for her crime, went a few paces farther;

ther; and, leaning her back againſt a water-trunk, exclaimed, with a deep ſigh—"God help me!"

"God help thee, indeed!" cried Harry, putting a few ſhillings into her hand: it was all he could find about him. Elevated at her good fortune—"Whoever you are," ſhe cried, "God in heaven"—her voice faltered a moment—"bleſs——" She burſt into tears. It was too much for Harry: he caught her hand, in the impulſe of ſublime benevolence—"Come with me, my poor, good girl!" And, inſenſible to the ridicule of thoſe who obſerved the ſcene, led the unreſiſting mourner into a court, in an adjoining ſtreet, where the family nurſe lived; and, entreating the good woman to provide her with ſome of her daughter's cloaths, ſaid he would call again in two hours; and then proceeded on his buſineſs.

His wiſhes were commands with all who knew him; and, on his return, he beheld, with pleaſure, the object of his compaſſion, the picture of a Sleeping Grace, attired by the hand of homely neatneſs. The manner and language in which ſhe expreſſed her gratitude, evinced an education and capacity of the ſuperior kind, and excited a curioſity in Henry relative to the events of her life; which, being delicately imparted to her, ſhe chearfully conſented to gratify.

"The circumſtances I am going to relate," ſaid ſhe, "may appear a little ſtrange; they are nevertheleſs true. I am but ſeventeen: my father, a Weſt India planter, I barely remember; he died rich, and left me 5000l. under the joint guardianſhip of my mother, and a gentleman named Gray, who had long been intimately connected with the family.

"I felt not the loſs of a father: my mother doated on me, and ſpared neither pains nor expence in my education; inſtructing me herſelf in all the ſublime duties of Chriſtianity, and continually enforcing her precepts by practice.

"Her exertions for my improvement were always warmly ſeconded by Mr. Gray; who, by his particular attention to us both, gained ſo far on the affections of my mother, that, at the age of thirteen, I ceaſed to be fatherleſs. My dear mother ſurvived her marriage but three months,

months. You may naturally ſuppoſe, I ſuffered enough from ſuch a misfortune; but time, youth, and the remarkable kindneſs of my father-in-law, reconciled me to myſelf; and, for nearly two years longer, I lived without a wiſh to form any other connections. Here my miſeries began. My father, by his extravagant way of living, and an unfortunate attachment to gaming, had ſo far involved his own fortune, that, to repair it, he embarked mine in a ſpeculative adventure, with a ſet of deſigning men, who held out a proſpect of advantage too alluring to withſtand. You may eaſily imagine how it turned out: he was compleatly duped; and, in the frenzy of deſpair, ſhot himſelf. I was on a viſit at his couſin's, when the information was brought me; and, after I had recovered the ſhock ſuch intelligence gave me, was informed that, in future, I was to look up to that couſin for protection. This was readily promiſed me; but I found the behaviour of the family ſtrangely altered. I was poor, and no longer entitled to reſpect. I had made a conſiderable progreſs in every branch of learning I had entered on; ſufficient, indeed, to teach others tolerably well; and Mr. Ironſide made me a companion to his three daughters, who were all nearly my own age, with ſtrict injunctions to give them all the information I could. But my pupils, thinking me no better than a ſervant, paid little attention to my inſtructions; and their parents continually throwing out hints about poverty, dependence, fine education without fortunes, and many others of the ſame kind, eaſily conceived, the ſervants were encouraged to treat me with contempt; the leaſt familiarity in me was accounted inſolence; and the occaſional fits of melancholy ſuch treatment produced, drew upon me the imputations of being ſulky and ungrateful.

"In this ſituation, ſcarcely a day paſſing without new mortifications, I continued a year; when I received an inſult from Mr. Ironſide, which terminated my dependence. He had often taken liberties with me I could ſcarcely brook, but that my neceſſity obliged me to ſubmit with patience: and one night, when his wife and daughters were on a viſit, he entered my chamber, where I was reading; and, without ceremony, told me he had long loved me: as a proof, he had kept me a year, when

but

but for him I muſt have ſtarved; told me, I ſhould never want while I was a good girl; and concluded in terms I bluſh to think of! and added, he hoped I would not be ungrateful. Fortunately, he had not faſtened the door; for he was proceeding to rudeneſs. Breaking from him, I flew down ſtairs; and, by running into the ſtreet, eſcaped him. I ſtood for a moment conſidering what to do; and, at laſt, determined to go to the family laundreſs that night, who had always profeſſed great fondneſs for me. I told her my ſituation frankly, and aſked her what I ſhould do; for I was reſolved never to go back to that hated houſe. The idea of want her friendſhip was not proof againſt: ſhe talked a great deal of imprudence in young women, to which I liſtened in tears; and, reflecting in the uſual manner of ignorant people on *poor gentry*, ſaid, ſhe did want a girl to look after her three children, and if I liked to ſtay for my *wittles*, till I could better myſelf, *I mout*. What to do I knew not. I was too inexperienced, and too young, to go out into the world. I accepted her offer; and for ſix months led a life to which the one I had left was pleaſure. My time—for I eat not the bread of idleneſs—was unremittingly divided between lugging about three heavy children; ſtanding at the waſh-tub; carrying large loads of linen to families who employed her; and running half a dozen times a day to the pawnbroker's.

"My conſtitution now began to ſink under ſuch fatigue, and I fell into a violent fever, out of which I recovered in about a month; but, on a renewal of my ſlavery, ſymptoms of a relapſe appearing, my miſtreſs, declaring ſhe could not afford to keep ſick people, deſired me to look out for a lodging for myſelf, till I got better. I had three guineas in my pocket when I left Mr. Ironſide's; and had ſecretly preſerved them hitherto againſt any emergency which might happen. Accordingly, I took a little room at a chandler's ſhop, and in two months perfectly recovered my ſtrength; but my money and cloaths were entirely gone, and I had a ſettled weakneſs in my eyes, which remained from my firſt fever. I now made ſeveral applications for places, but could get none: "I was too young"—"Looked too ſickly"—"Was too meanly dreſſed;" and fifty exceptions of the ſame nature. I even

applied

applied again to my old miſtreſs the laundreſs; but, repeating her averſion to decayed gentry, ſhe refuſed me as well as the reſt. My eyes, by continually walking about with bad ſhoes, grew daily worſe. I had lived five weeks upon credit with my landlady, and ſhe was continually dunning me for her money; and, at laſt, went ſo far as to recommend me to proſtitution: which piece of inſolence occaſioning me to anſwer her much more ſharply than prudence would have dictated, in a rage, ſhe puſhed me out into the ſtreet, at eleven o'clock at night, in a violent ſhower of rain, and ſwore I ſhould never enter her doors again.

"I crawled up a court; but, being found by the watchman, was dragged to the watch-houſe as a diſorderly perſon; put in the black hole; and next morning, on being taken before the magiſtrate, was ſent, becauſe I had no money, with half a dozen ſtreet-walkers, to Bridewell.

"In this wretched place I ſtaid but a week, my eyes now growing very dim; and, on being liberated, I applied to the officers of ſeveral pariſhes for relief, but in vain. "I did not belong to them"—"Was an impoſtor," or—"Young enough to work," were ſtill the replies; and, at laſt, I determined to apply even to Mr. Ironſide. I knocked at the door, but was driven away; and, ſtrolling into an adjoining field, ſat down in a damp hovel, and abandoned myſelf to all the agonies of deſpair.

"I thought my ſufferings unjuſt, and murmured againſt Providence; but I recollected not that, when in affluence, I had forgot my departed mother's favourite precept—"Let not proſperity deceive you." For the whirl of diſſipation I had lived in, after her death, made me loſe ſight of myſelf; and that, I now conceive, was the occaſion of my puniſhment.

"In this ſtate of mind, ſcarcely able to ſee, and without food, I ſat—if I may uſe the expreſſion—till I ſwooned into ſleep. How long I lay there, I do not know. I dreamed I was reſtored to all my former ſplendour:—but, good Heaven! never ſhall I forget the emotions I felt when I waked to utter darkneſs. I ſcreamed with horror; fell on my knees; prayed for mercy; wiſhed for death; and, had not a violent flood of tears relieved me,

God only knows whether I could long have ſupported the deſperate conflict of my mind. I ſat crying and ſobbing for about three hours, inſenſible of the craving of hunger, and parching of thirſt; when a female voice rouzed me to recollection, by enquiring what was the matter with me. I ſaid I was blind, and had no home. "Come with me, child," ſaid the enquirer; and, taking my hand, led me away.

"In about half an hour we entered a houſe; and, going up three pair of ſtairs, I underſtood from my companion, who was an old woman, that it was her lodging, and might be mine, if I would help to earn the rent. I promiſed to do any work I was capable of: ſhe told me, I need not work; ſhe would put me in an eaſier method, by which I might get a great deal of money, and make it comfortable for us both. This was, to aſk alms in the ſtreet every day; and, having no alternative, I conſented.

"In the morning ſhe took me to ſome well-frequented ſtreet; and, putting me in ſuch a ſituation as I could be left in with ſafety—having generally bread enough with me for two ſcanty meals, and ſome ſmall-beer in a tin bottle—did not return for me till duſk.

"In this manner I have paſſed the laſt ſix weeks; miſerably enough, God knows! Sometimes I got three or four ſhillings a day; at others, not above one ſhilling; and, ſometimes, nothing at all. The old woman always uſed to increaſe or leſſen my daily allowance in proportion to my gains; and, when I came home with little or nothing, uſed to abuſe me very much indeed.

"I had been particularly unfortunate this laſt week; and, having yeſterday loſt the tin bottle, ſhe ſwore this morning if I did not produce her ſomething at night, ſhe would leave me to ſhift again for myſelf.

"I was extremely terrified; for, bad as my ſituation was, it was heaven, to the idea of being turned again into the ſtreet, incapable of helping myſelf. And this occaſioned my great joy, Sir, at receiving your bounty, for I had not a farthing; neither have I eaten any thing till this generous woman gave it me."

Here ſhe concluded her ſtory. Harry then told her he would procure ſome means of proviſion for her; and, deſiring the nurſe to let her have every thing neceſſary at his

his charge, left the houſe: and, it being near dark, returned to the ſpot where he firſt ſaw her, and watched for the coming of the old woman.

He did not wait long; for, ſeeing one walking about, who by her manners he concluded was the right, he taxed her with his ſuſpicions: her confuſion betrayed her; and he threatened to charge a conſtable with her, unleſs ſhe confeſſed all ſhe knew concerning Sophy, promiſing a reward if ſhe told truth. She gave him a ſimilar account of finding Miſs Lefevre in the field to that he had previouſly heard; and mentioned many ſad circumſtances of her life, gathered from her own mouth, which perfectly agreed with the relation juſt gone over. Harry, ſatisfied of the girl's veracity, gave the old woman a crown; and, haſtening home, imparted the whole to his worthy father: ſoliciting, at the ſame time, his patronage for the ſubject of his ſtory.

Mr. Noble heard him with great ſatisfaction; and promiſed, if the report of Mrs. Jones, after a week or two of trial, ſhould be favourable to the girl, he would take her into his own family. This eventually proved the caſe; and an eminent occuliſt, being conſulted about her eyes, gave it as his opinion, that a film only was grown over them, which might be removed by couching.

He ſucceeded in the trial, and the lovely girl once more beheld the light; but was ordered to wear a fillet over her eyes for a few days, and to be admitted to the full uſe of them only by degrees.

The day the ſhade was entirely removed, Harry, who had left town previous to the operation, returned. When Sophy heard his voice in the hall, ſhe trembled. The idea of beholding a youth, in whoſe praiſe every one was zealous; and who had tranſlated her from the moſt abject penury to plenty, and been the means of her recovering ſight; raiſed in her emotions which ſhe ſcarcely knew how to conceal: but, when he opened the parlour-door, where, beſides herſelf, were Mr. Noble, with two female relations, and preſented a figure replete with every manly grace, ſhe ſurveyed him with a degree of admiration too palpable not to be noticed. Having paid reſpects to his father and couſins, in a moſt inſinuating manner, he congratulated her on the reſtoration of ſight; paid a hand-

ſome compliments to her figure, which a faſhionable undreſs ſet off to the greateſt advantage; and, with a becoming familiarity, begged the honour of a ſalute.

The moment his lips touched her's, all conſciouſneſs forſook her, and ſhe ſunk in his arms. Harry was quite diſconcerted, and his heart gave him an intimation to which he was before a ſtranger. Mr. Noble looked ſerious: Sophy recovered; and, apologizing in the beſt manner ſhe was able for being ſo overcome, in the utmoſt confuſion, begged permiſſion to retire. From that moment Harry and Sophy grew uneaſy when ſeparated; but ſtudied their utmoſt to hide it from every one elſe, and from each other; for neither dared examine their hearts on the nature of their ſolicitude.

Every interview now improved the attachment on both ſides; and one afternoon, when they were alone, Harry reading ſome miſcellaneous poems to her, on mentioning the title of Cibber's Blind Boy, from a ſympathizing recollection their eyes met, both half ſuffuſed with tears. Sophy bluſhed, and hung down her head. Harry, in the moment of paſſion, threw the book on the floor, himſelf at her feet, and poured out his ſoul in profeſſions of the moſt ardent love. Sophy heard him with diſtreſs; for honour fordade her to encourage ſentiments her heart could not but approve. In language, artleſs as affecting, ſhe entreated him to leave her, leſt obſervation ſhould ſubject her to the anger of his father; repreſented to him the difference of their ſituations; and remarked, that on cool recollection, he himſelf would have but a mean opinion of her, ſhould ſhe, as a reward for his generoſity, endeavour to ſeduce his affection. He perſiſted, however, in his ſolicitations: ſhe aroſe to retire; he held her forcibly, ſtill kneeling, and begged her not to conſign him to deſpair. She burſt into tears; conjured him to let her go; and, having releaſed her hand from his, was retreating to the door, when that of an anti-chamber opened, and preſented Mr. Noble to their view. Sophy was almoſt petrified; but Harry, ſummoning a manly confidence, addreſſed his father nearly as follows—

"In what you have witneſſed, blame not that generous girl, but me. If you think me criminal, tell me ſo mildly; you know I cannot bear your frown. I love Sophy; ſhe

is

is deſerving, you are juſt: I look up to you as a father anxious for my happineſs, and dare aſk her at your hand." He ſtood in an attitude of the moſt intereſting ſuſpence: his father looked gravely for a minute; his features then relaxing—"My dear Harry," ſaid he, "I thank you for the confidence you put in me. I *am* anxious for your happineſs, and will convince you ſo.—Sophy, my love, come here." Then, joining their hands—"Take her," continued he; "I have obſerved your mutual attachment ſince it's commencement, and the violence you have done yourſelves in endeavouring to conceal it, from motives of duty; particularly you, Sophy. You certainly, Harry, are the only one to blame, in what I have by accident overheard; but, in the choice you have made, you have given me too great a proof of your good-ſenſe and integrity, for me to oppoſe it. Take my bleſſing, children; and may you both live long, happy as you are virtuous!"

They expreſſed their gratitude in ſuch effuſions, as carry with them more ſincerity than words; in a few days they were united; and lived long, an exemplary pattern of conjugal harmony: he, a conſpicuous inſtance of benevolence rewarded; and ſhe, of the inſcrutable nature of the ways of Heaven; who, to the edification of our patience, is frequently at hand for our deliverance from trouble, when we leaſt expect it; and often leads us through the valley of ſorrow to the gardens of pleaſure, and temple of happineſs.

MODESTY.

THERE is, the Botaniſts all ſay,
A plant that, cautious, ſhrinks away
And ſhun's the hand's leaſt touch;
Fearing the ſmalleſt ſullying ſtain
That from the contact might remain:
Sweet Modeſty is ſuch.

Contami-

Contamination thus her dread,
The maiden, bluſhing, lifts her head,
And, timorous, ſmiles to day;
Tenacious of her ſpotleſs fame,
Beneath th' oppreſſive eye of ſhame
She droops with ſad diſmay.

The diamond, though of ample worth,
When firſt 'tis drawn from mother Earth
Can ſcarce attract the ſight;
But when it leaves the Artiſt's hands,
What admiration it commands,
Array'd in all it's light!

As to the diamond is it's glow,
Doth modeſty in women ſhew,
And ſtamps alike their worth;
Beauty itſelf muſt ceaſe to be
Without the charm of modeſty,
'Tis that which gives it birth.

Though drooping lies the fall'n roſe,
A ſoft, mild tint, it's leaves diſcloſe,
And delicately charm;
Thus ever-blooming Modeſty
The loſs of beauty will ſupply,
And with attraction arm.

O, cheriſh, then, with timorous care,
Your greateſt ornament, ye fair!
And prize it while ye've breath;
By that preſerv'd through age's ſpace
Beauty ſhall ſmile on every face,
And yield alone to Death!

THE NEGRO SLAVE.

A PATHETICK BALLAD.

YE children of Pleaſure! come hither and ſee,
A ſight that ſhall check your irreverent glee;
Ye children of Woe! hear a tale which awhile
A ſenſe of your own various griefs ſhall beguile:
Thy tear, at the tale, divine Sympathy! ſhed;
Rejoice, ſweet Compaſſion! at viewing this grave;
Here Wretchedneſs hides, unmoleſted, it's head—
For under this turf lies a poor Negro Slave!

Depriv'd of whatever endears us to life,
His country, his freedom, his children, and wife;
Grown mad with reflection, his ſpirit he freed—
With pity, ye rigid, contemplate the deed!
His corpſe, unregarded, diſgrac'd the highway,
Till, bluſhing, Humanity's credit to ſave,
With tenderneſs Charity haſten'd to pay
Morality's due to the poor Negro Slave!

Ye kind paſſers by, who this ſpot turn to view,
The tribute bequeath to his memory due—
May Peace watch his pillow, whoſe breaſt can beſtow
A generous tear o'er the annals of woe!
The ſigh that you heave, and the tear that you ſhed,
Remembrance on Heaven's bleſt records ſhall 'grave;
But vengeance ſhall heavily fall on each head,
That ſpurn'd and oppreſs'd him, a poor Negro Slave!

FRIENDSHIP.

"TO Friendſhip's exiſtence aſſent I'll not lend,"
Says *Tagryhme* the threadbare: "I ne'er found a friend."
Replies *Quirk*, with a ſneer—"Who the devil e'er thought
Of Friendſhip, whoſe word wouldn't paſs for a *groat?*"

CHARITY.

CHARITY.

A ROUGH SKETCH.

YOUR CHARITY's a jolly dog,
Who trudges forth, in froſt or fog,
O'er brake and bramble, many a mile,
To help a *lame dog o'er a ſtile.*
Of croſs or coin without regard,
Or wiſh for goſſip Fame's good word;
But, for his deeds ſo void of leaven,
Whene'er he ſleeps he dreams of heaven!

PEDLAR's ADIEU.

WELL, Friends, the contents of my box you've ſurvey'd;
How d'ye like 'em? To you who have purchaſes made,
I've thanks to return, ere I bid you farewel;
But long tales of gratitude I never tell.
The *Multum in Parvo* is always my way;
And, though I ſay little, I *mean* what I ſay.
So, Cuſtomers, *thank you!* Perhaps, what you've bought,
May an antidote prove to depreſſion of thought:
Though trivial the ſpace you'll not have to complain
That your time and your caſh were expended in vain.
But if—for my wares, ev'ry article, know,
Minutely conſider'd, a moral will ſhew—
With your pleaſure improvement ſhould happily blend,
You'll have well ſpent your money, and I gain'd my end.
Now, wiſhing you peace—which, if truth you purſue,
Not elſe, will be yours—I addreſs my *Adieu:*
I hope that nor plenty nor pleaſure you'll lack,
And of me that you'll buy, ſhould I ever come back!

FINIS.